APRIL
NO 1

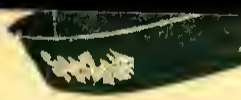
COMIC COMICS

10¢

NOPE! I CAN'T MAKE IT!

WITH CAPTAIN KID, JETSAM JOE, RICHARD RICHARD AND MANY OTHER COMIC COMICS!

WITH CAPTAIN KID, JETSAM JOE, RICHARD RICHARD AND MANY OTHER COMIC COMICS!



made of strong felt, in solid color and imprinted with CAPTAIN MARVEL and "Shazam" in bright colors. Add your own decorative buttons and pins. Ideal for both boys and girls. Price 25¢

find CAPT. MARVEL hidden in the pages of the magic folder. He is there but hard to find. You'll have loads of fund with this clever folder. Price 5¢

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April, 1946. Vol. 1, No. 1

COMIC COMICS SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR $1.20 IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS

COMIC COMICS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at 400 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Penna. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger W. Fawcett, Vice President, Allen L. Norman, Secretary, Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer, Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director, Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director, Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director, Al Allard, Art Director. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry applied for at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1946 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Title registration applied for at U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 12 issues for $1.20 in U. S. and possessions; Canadian and foreign subscriptions 12 issues for $1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, 22 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Advertising offices: New York 17, 295 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 360 North Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles, Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., Pacific Mutual Building; San Francisco, Mr. Edward S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co., Russ Building. General offices: Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

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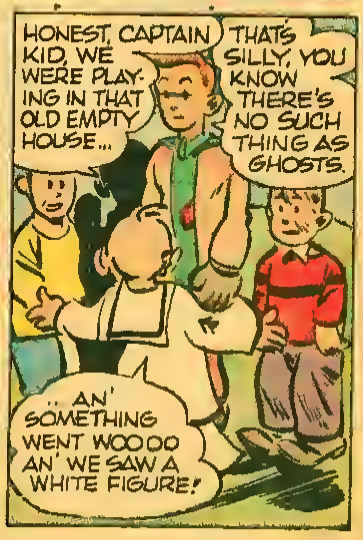
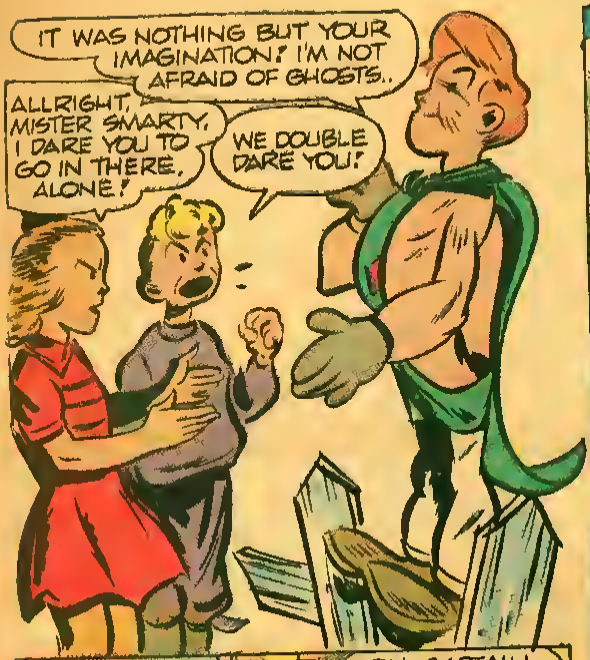
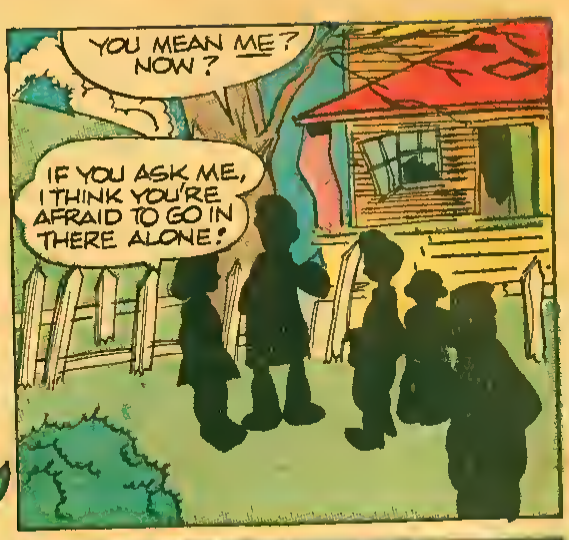
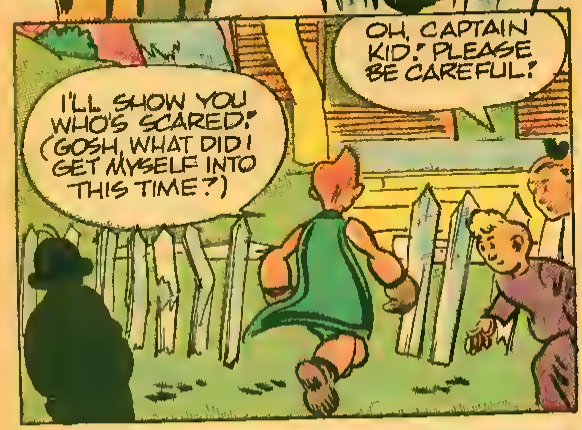
Captain KID

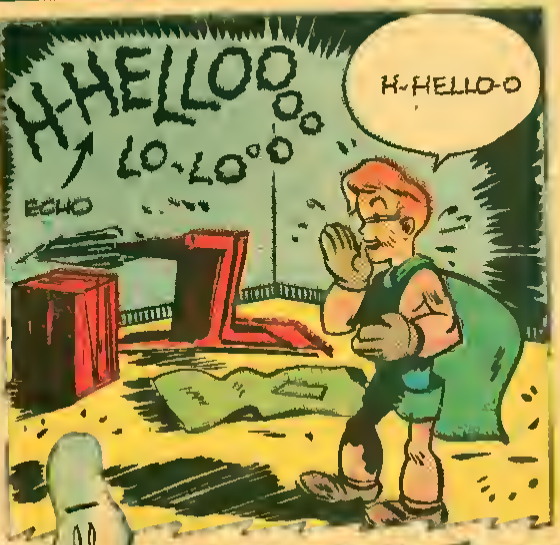
MEET THE ONE AND ONLY CAPTAIN KID-GHOST CHASER! HE SPEARS THE SPIRITS, HAUNTS THE HAUNTS! AND WHEN HE SHOUTS THE MAGIC WORD, ALL THE GHOSTS AND DEMONS FLEE IN TERROR ..THAT IS, ALL BUT ONE OR TWO!



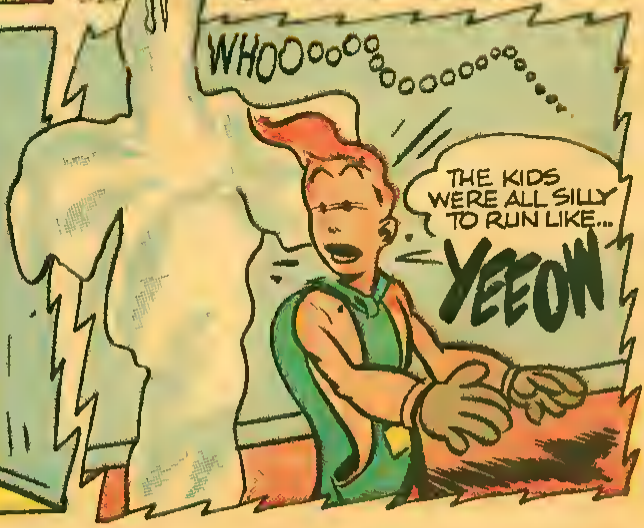

IT WAS NOTHING BUT YOUR IMAGINATION! I'M NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS..
ALLRIGHT, MISTER SMARTY, I DARE YOU TO GO IN THERE, ALONE!
WE DOUBLE DARE YOU!

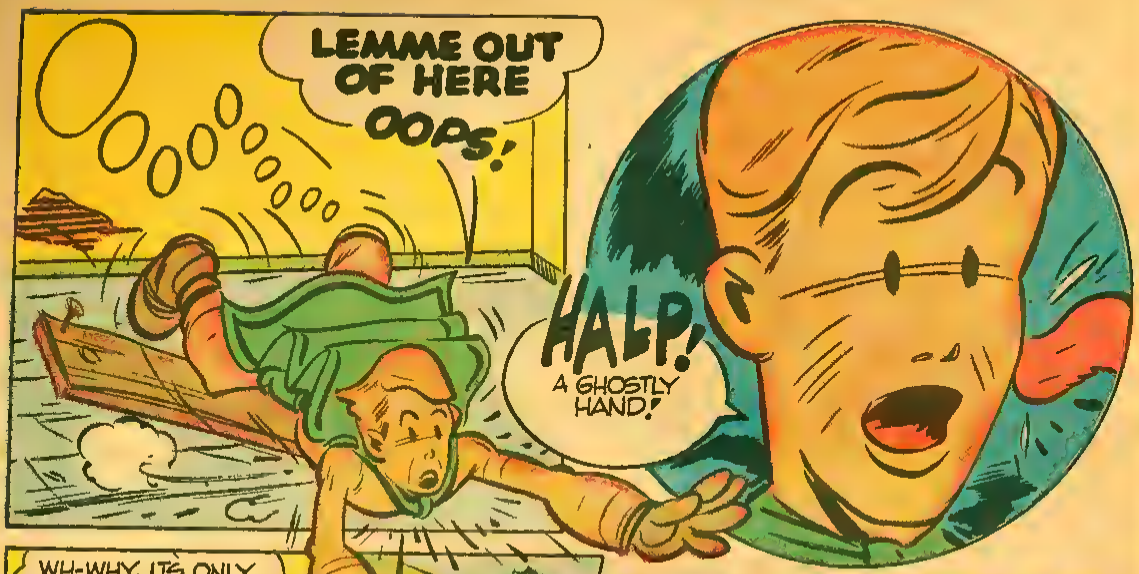

YOU MEAN ME? NOW?
IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO IN THERE ALONE!

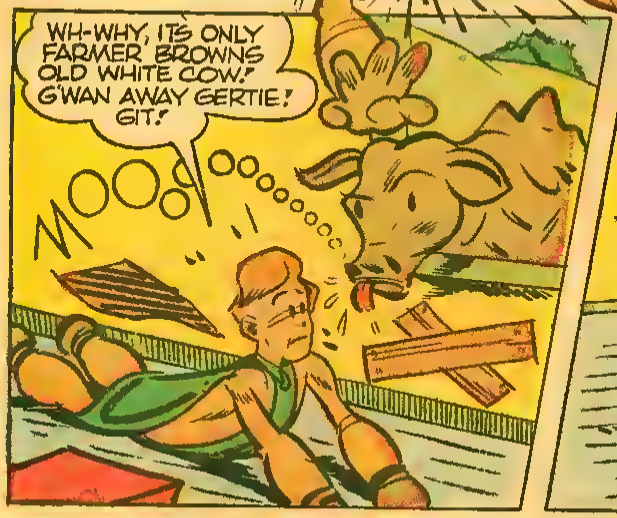

OH, CAPTAIN KID! PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S SCARED! (GOSH, WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS TIME?)

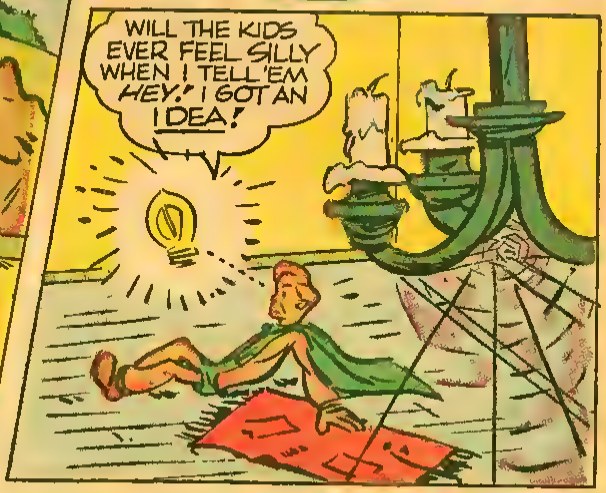

H-HELLOO...
LO-LO...
ECHO
H-HELLO-O

JUST AN ECHO! SHUCKS, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF. I'LL GO IN HERE, TOO, AN.....


WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
THE KIDS WERE ALL SILLY TO RUN LIKE...
YEEOW

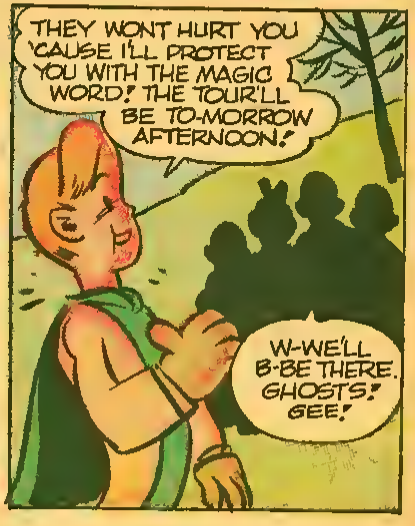

LEMME OUT OF HERE
OOPS!
HALP!
A GHOSTLY HAND!

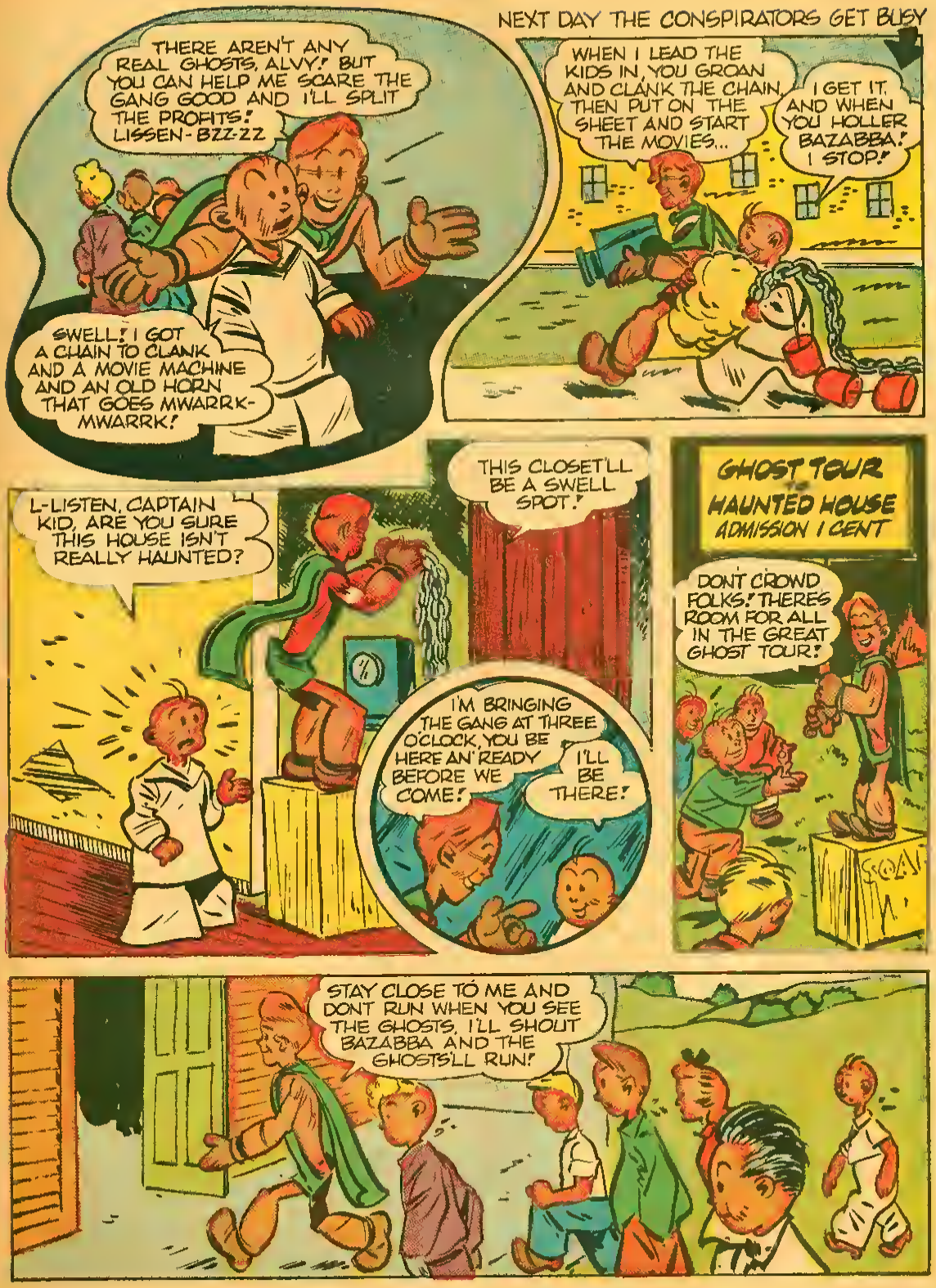

WH-WHY, ITS ONLY FARMER BROWNS OLD WHITE COW! G'WAN AWAY GERTIE! GIT!
MOOO

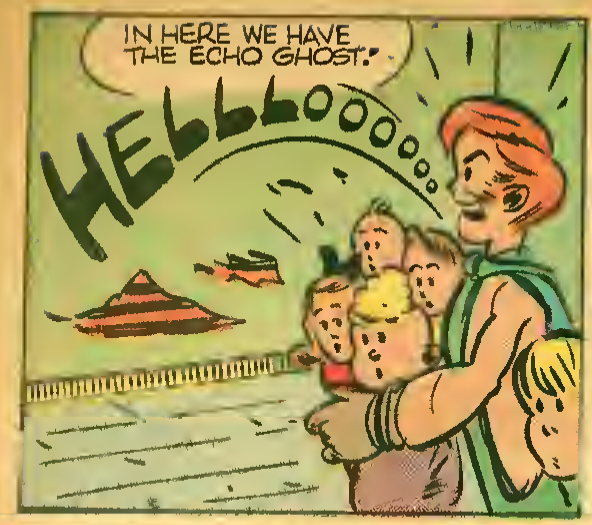

WILL THE KIDS EVER FEEL SILLY WHEN I TELL 'EM HEY! I GOT AN IDEA!

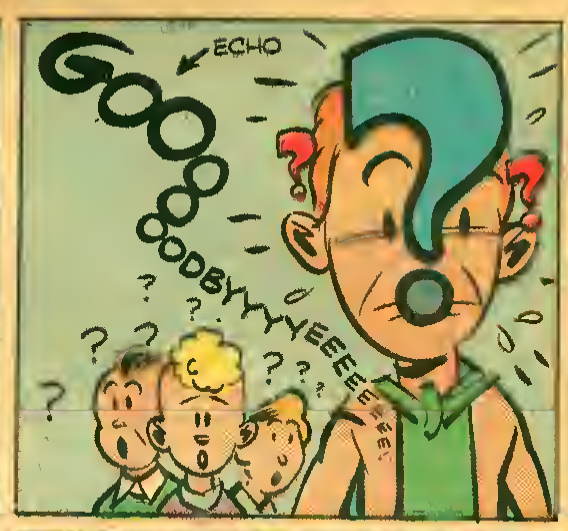
OOO KID, I WAS SO WORRIED, DID YOU SEE ANY GHOSTS?
SURE I DID! A LOT OF TERRIBLE AWFUL GHOSTS! BUT I JUST SAID THE MAGIC WORD BAZABBA AND THEY COULDN'T HURT ME!

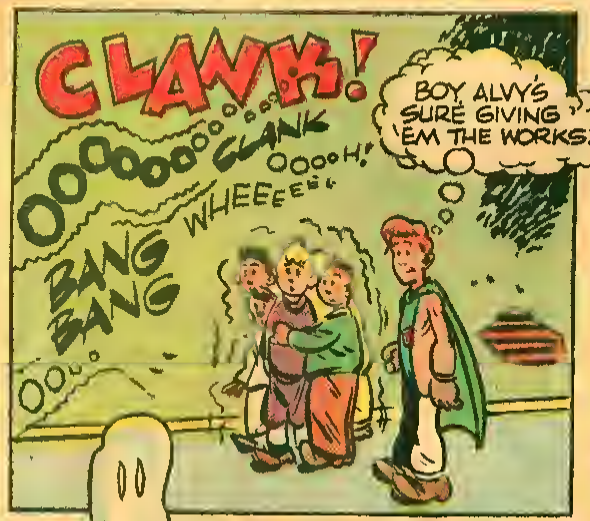
LOOK, I'M GONNA ORGANIZE A GHOST TOUR! FOR A PENNY EACH, I'LL TAKE YOU ALL THROUGH SO YOU CAN SEE THE GHOSTS!

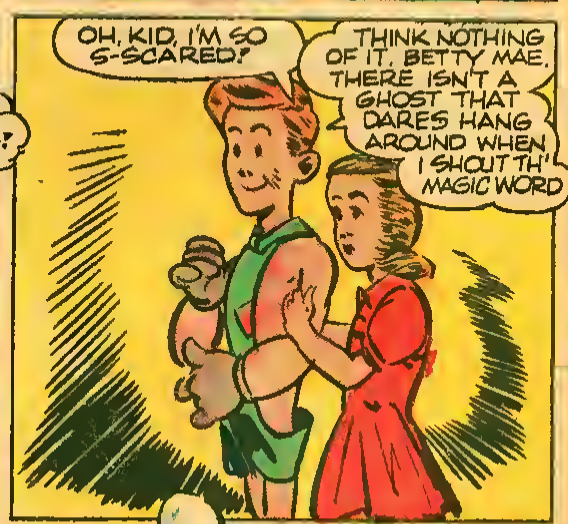

THEY WON'T HURT YOU 'CAUSE I'LL PROTECT YOU WITH THE MAGIC WORD! THE TOUR'LL BE TO-MORROW AFTERNOON!
W-WE'LL B-BE THERE. GHOSTS! GEE!


THERE AREN'T ANY REAL GHOSTS, ALVY! BUT YOU CAN HELP ME SCARE THE GANG GOOD AND I'LL SPLIT THE PROFITS! LISSEN-BZZ-ZZ
SWELL! I GOT A CHAIN TO CLANK AND A MOVIE MACHINE AND AN OLD HORN THAT GOES MWARRK-MWARRK!
NEXT DAY THE CONSPIRATORS GET BUSY
WHEN I LEAD THE KIDS IN, YOU GROAN AND CLANK THE CHAIN, THEN PUT ON THE SHEET AND START THE MOVIES...
I GET IT. AND WHEN YOU HOLLER BAZABBA! I STOP!
L-LISTEN, CAPTAIN KID, ARE YOU SURE THIS HOUSE ISN'T REALLY HAUNTED?
THIS CLOSET'LL BE A SWELL SPOT!
I'M BRINGING THE GANG AT THREE O'CLOCK, YOU BE HERE AN' READY BEFORE WE COME!
I'LL BE THERE!
GHOST TOUR
HAUNTED HOUSE
ADMISSION 1 CENT
DON'T CROWD FOLKS! THERES ROOM FOR ALL IN THE GREAT GHOST TOUR!
STAY CLOSE TO ME AND DONT RUN WHEN YOU SEE THE GHOSTS, I'LL SHOUT BAZABBA AND THE GHOSTS'LL RUN!

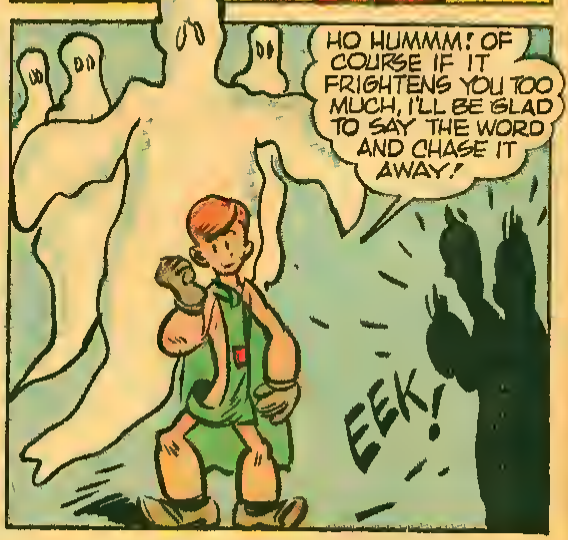

IN HERE WE HAVE THE ECHO GHOST!
HELLLOOOOO

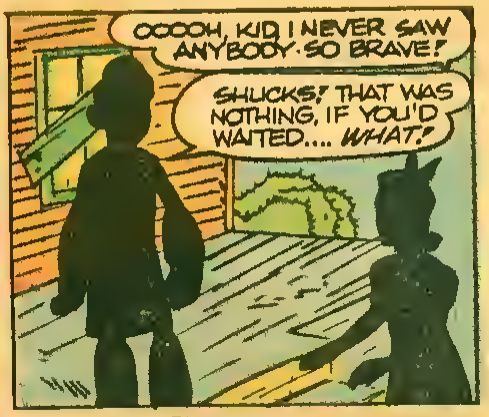

ECHO
GOOOOODBYYYYEEEE

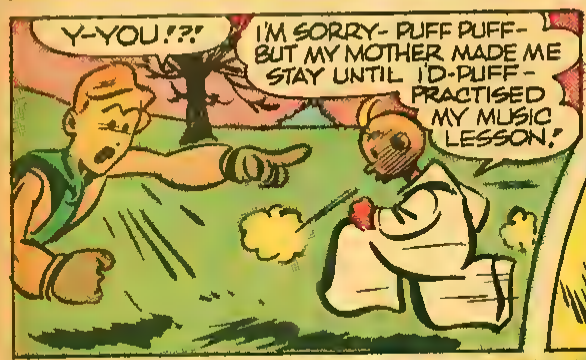

CLANK!
OOOOOOOO
CLANK
OOOOH!
WHEEEEE
BANG BANG
OOO
BOY ALVY'S SURE GIVING 'EM THE WORKS!

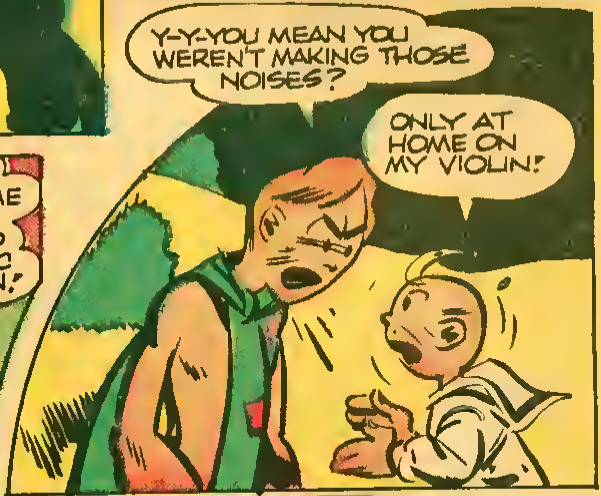

OH, KID, I'M SO S-SCARED!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, BETTY MAE. THERE ISN'T A GHOST THAT DARES HANG AROUND WHEN I SHOUT TH' MAGIC WORD

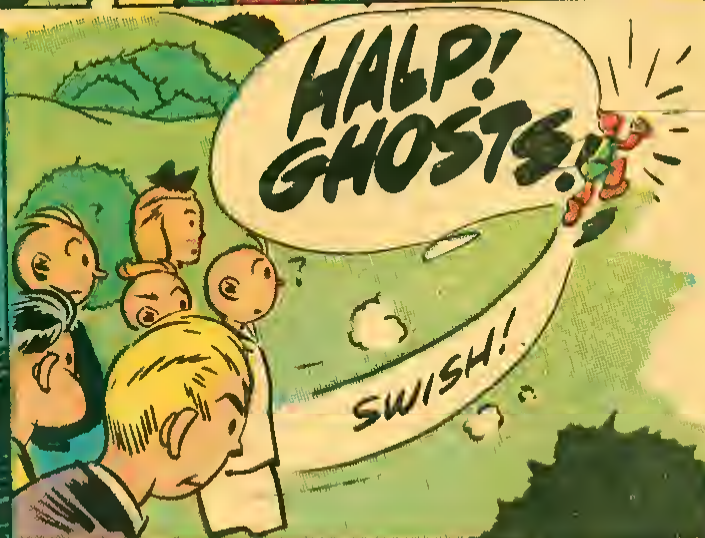
K-KID! LOOK A REAL GHOST!
ONLY ONE? SHUCKS, I HATE TO WASTE TIME LOOKING AT LESS THAN A DOZEN GHOSTS AT ONCE!


HO HUMMM! OF COURSE IF IT FRIGHTENS YOU TOO MUCH, I'LL BE GLAD TO SAY THE WORD AND CHASE IT AWAY!
EEK!





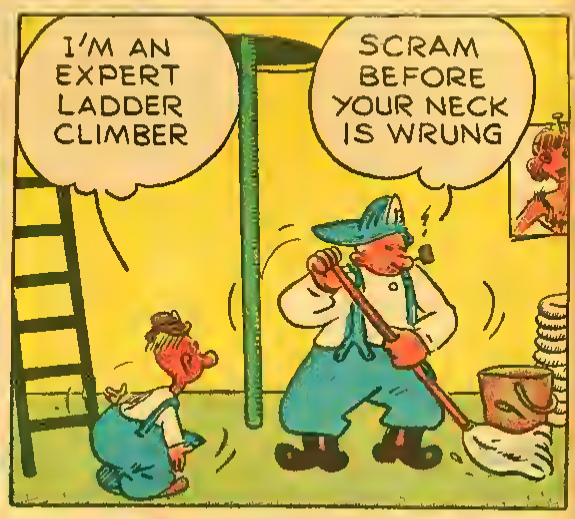


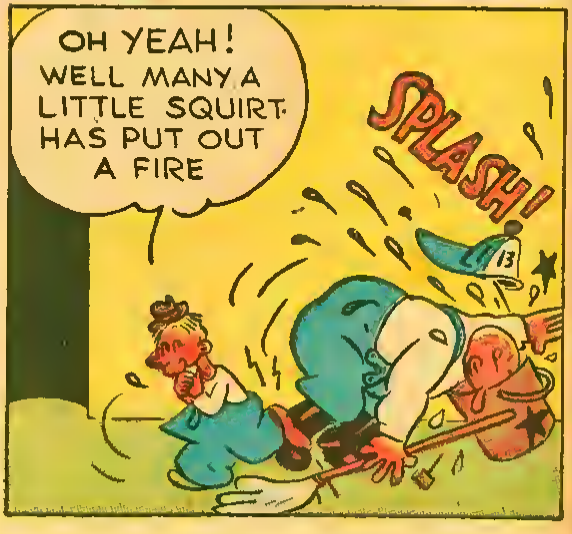


WHEE-EEE-E – THAT WAS CLOSE FOR OUR HERO, CAPTAIN KID!! RIGHT NOW, YOU'LL FIND HIM IN ANOTHER LAUGH-PACKED STORY! DON'T MISS IT! IN **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**

RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH

OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN!





Jetsam Joe
With Pete the Parrot
A QUIET DAY IN THE TROPICS!
DON'T BE AFRAID! IT'S ONLY A SHELL

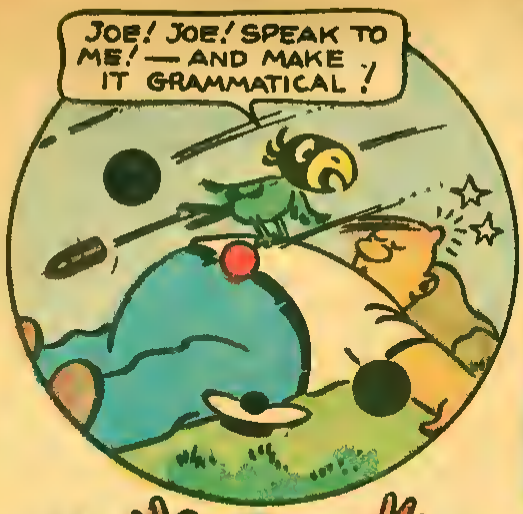
HO-HUM! THIS LAND MAKES ME SO LAZY!
YOU DON'T NEED ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU LAZY!

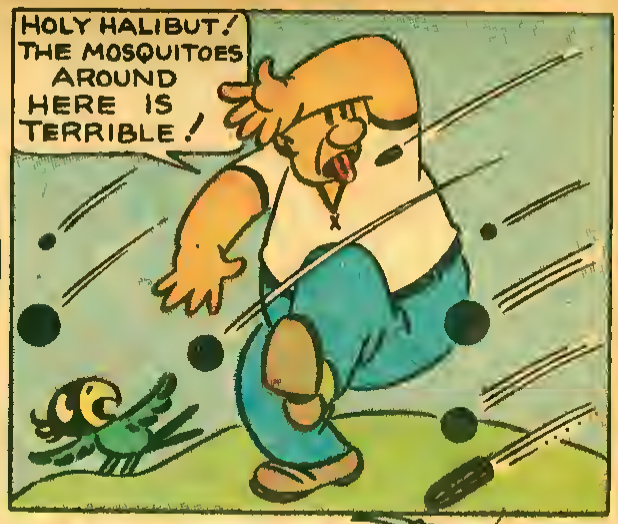
YOU'RE ALWAYS YELLIN' ABOUT WORKIN' TOO HARD! OKAY! YOU CAN HAVE 24 HOURS SHORE LEAVE!
CAPTAIN
GEE! THANKS! NOW I CAN REST!

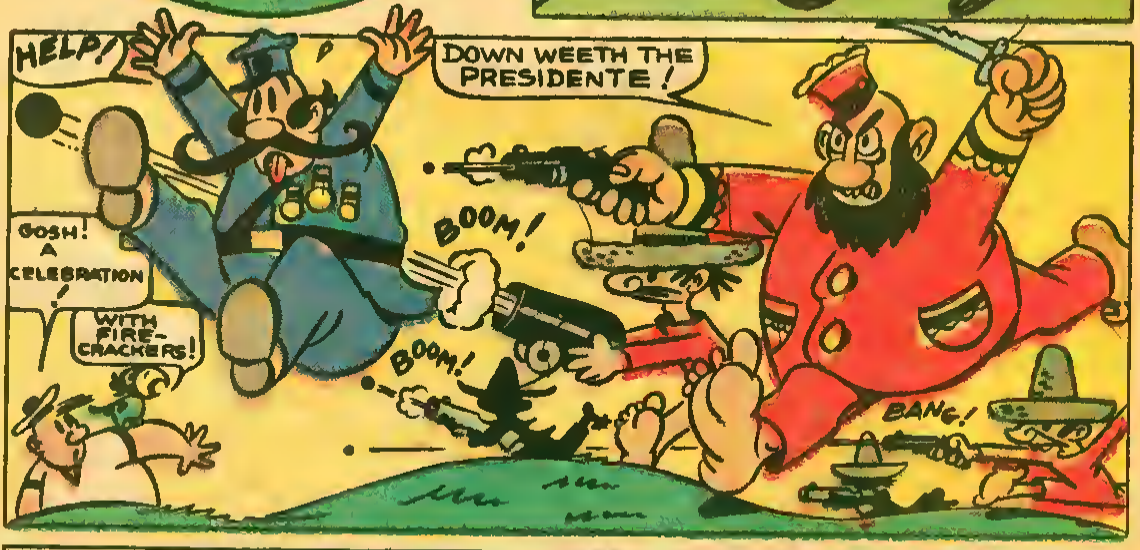
AH! NOW FOR A NAP IN THE ----- WHAT RHYMES WITH "NAP"?
SAP!

THERE'S A NICE QUIET SPOT!

WELL, I THINK I'LL GOES TO SLEEP!
GOOD NIGHT

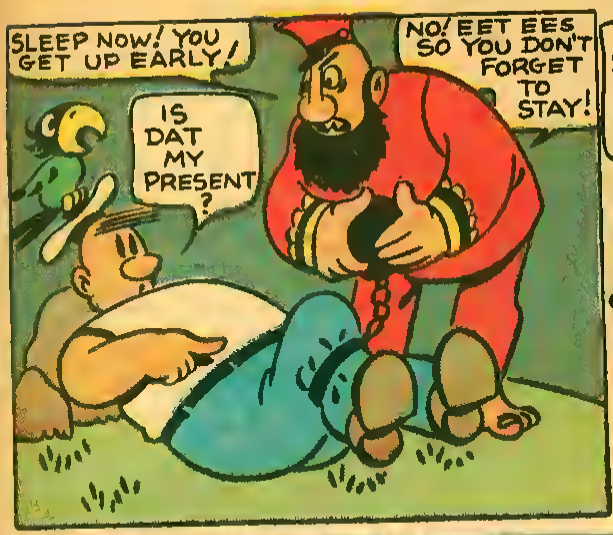

JOE! JOE! SPEAK TO ME! — AND MAKE IT GRAMMATICAL!


HOLY HALIBUT! THE MOSQUITOES AROUND HERE IS TERRIBLE!


HELP!
DOWN WEETH THE PRESIDENTE!
GOSH! A CELEBRATION!
WITH FIRE-CRACKERS!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BANG!

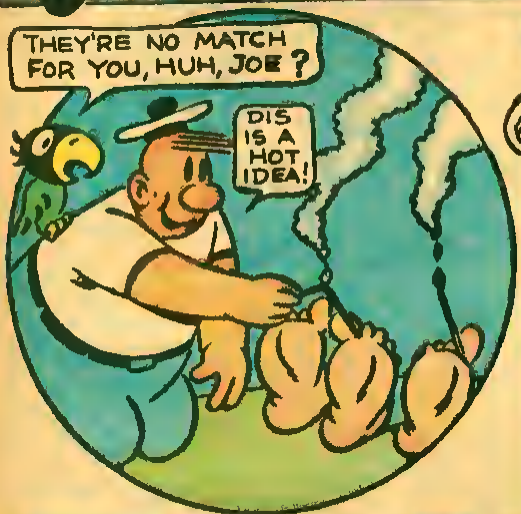
HE GOT AWAY—BUT WHO ARE YOU?
I'M JUST ME!

I THEENK YOU SPY! I GEEVE YOU SOMET'EENG!
OH, GOODY! WHEN?
AT SUNRISE!
HE DOESN'T GET UP THAT EARLY!


SLEEP NOW! YOU GET UP EARLY!
IS DAT MY PRESENT?
NO! EET EES SO YOU DON'T FORGET TO STAY!

YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING TO SCATTER THESE SOLDIERS, JOE, OR YOU'LL END YOUR DAYS AS A SIEVE!
YOU MEAN A FIRING SQUAD?
OH, MY GOODNESS!

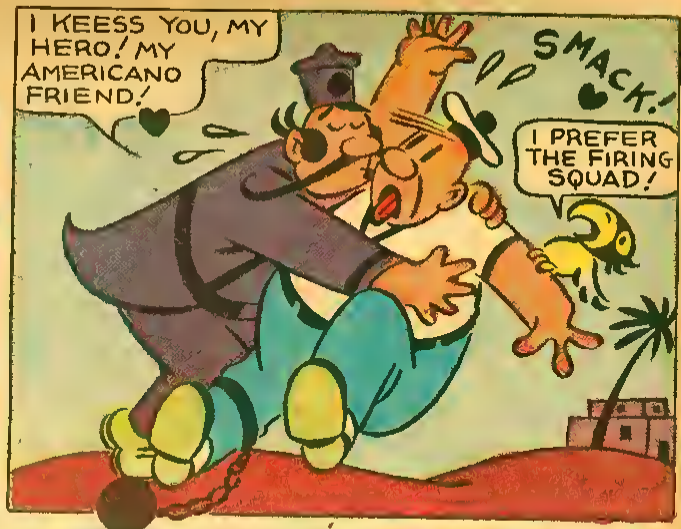
HOT DOGS!!! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YES
Z-Z Z-
Z-Z Z-
Z-Z Z-
Z-Z Z-


THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR YOU, HUH, JOE?
DIS IS A HOT IDEA!

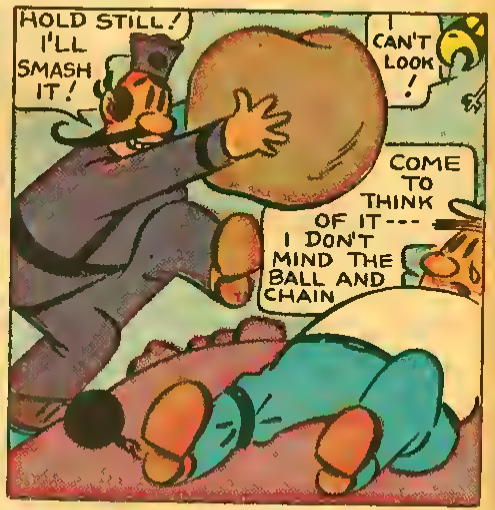
E-EYOW!
E-EOWW!

OH, BOY! ARE THEY BURNT UP!
MY FEETS EES COOKIN'!
HEAD FOR THE RIVER!
NO! FEET FOR THE RIVER!

AH! YOU HAVE DEFEATED TABASCO, THE BANDIT!


I KEESS YOU, MY HERO! MY AMERICANO FRIEND!
SMACK!
I PREFER THE FIRING SQUAD!

COME! I TAKE DEES NAUGHTY THEENG OFF YOUR LEG!
YOU PLAY TOO ROUGH!


HOLD STILL! I'LL SMASH IT!
I CAN'T LOOK!
COME TO THINK OF IT--- I DON'T MIND THE BALL AND CHAIN

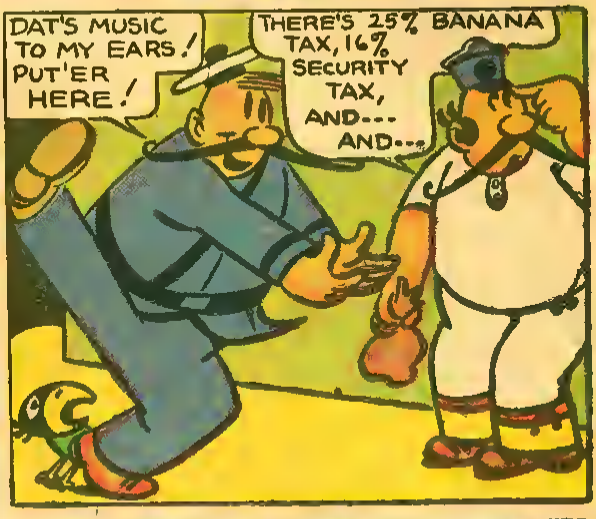
OOOPS! I MISSED!

WHEN I GET THEES OFF I GOT BEEG REWARD FOR YOU!
WHAT IS IT? A NEW FOOT?

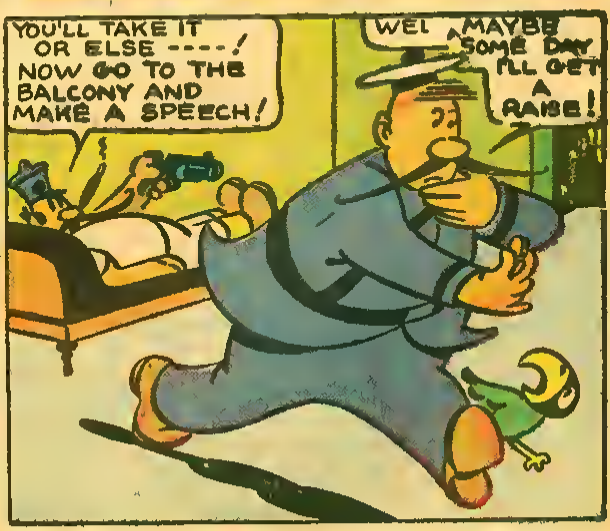
COME TO MY PALACE! I TELL YOU WHAT I GOING GEEVE YOU!
HAS IT GOT A DOLLAR SIGN IN FRONT OF IT?

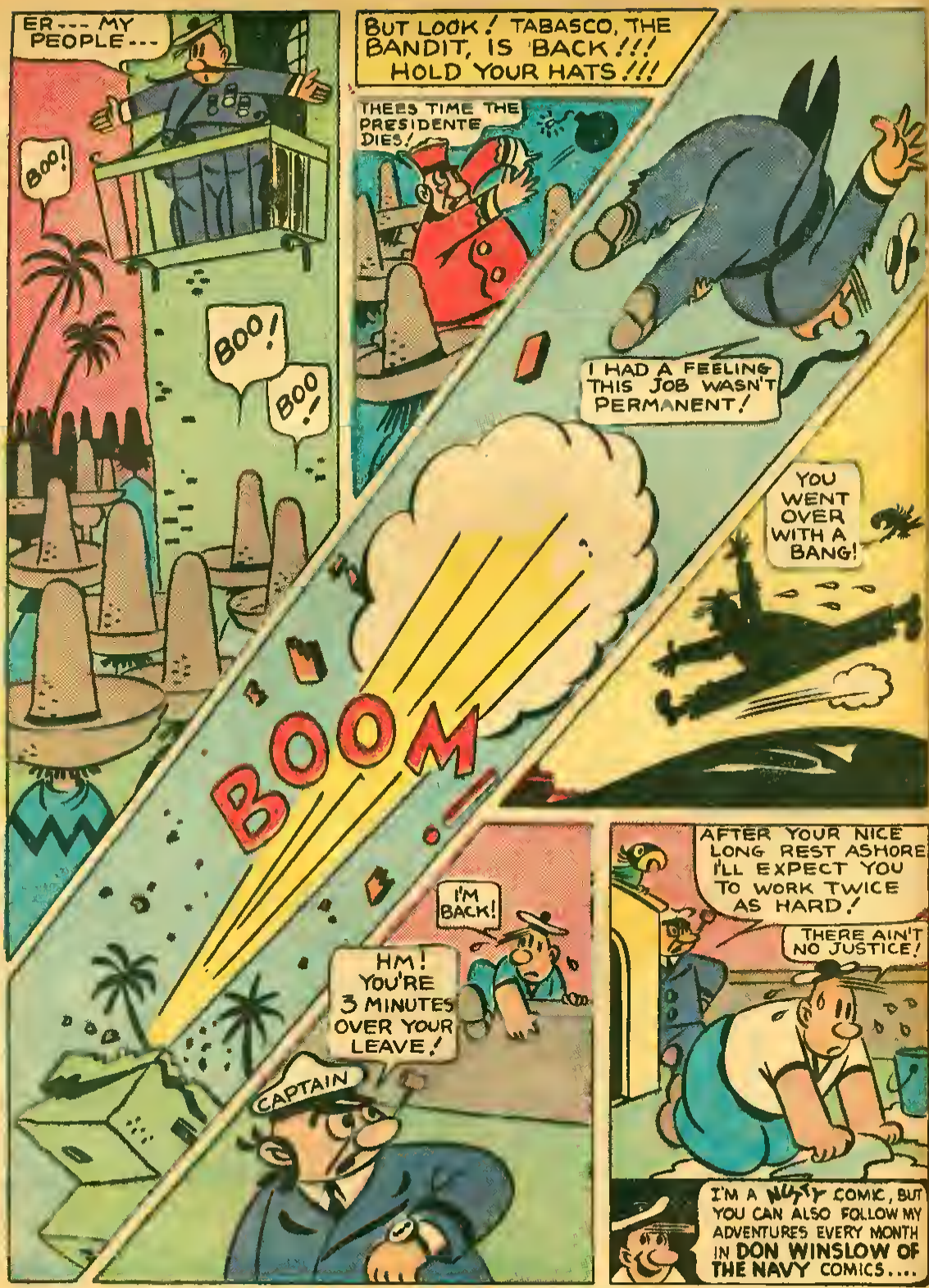
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE MY PLACE! I WANT TO SEE IF MY PUBLIC LIKES ME! PUT THESE ON!
DO I GETS A SALARY?
BUT OF COURSE
I DON'T LIKE THE "BUT"!

HERE IS YOUR MONEY! 1000 PESOS A WEEK!


DAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS! PUT'ER HERE!
THERE'S 25% BANANA TAX, 16% SECURITY TAX, AND--- AND---

YOU GET WHAT'S LEFT--- ONE CENTAVO!
I DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE THE JOB!


YOU'LL TAKE IT OR ELSE ----! NOW GO TO THE BALCONY AND MAKE A SPEECH!
WEL MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL GET A RAISE!


ER--- MY PEOPLE---
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BUT LOOK! TABASCO, THE BANDIT, IS BACK!!! HOLD YOUR HATS!!!
THEES TIME THE PRESIDENTE DIES!
I HAD A FEELING THIS JOB WASN'T PERMANENT!
YOU WENT OVER WITH A BANG!
BOOM
I'M BACK!
HM! YOU'RE 3 MINUTES OVER YOUR LEAVE!
CAPTAIN
AFTER YOUR NICE LONG REST ASHORE I'LL EXPECT YOU TO WORK TWICE AS HARD!
THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE!
I'M A NUTTY COMIC, BUT YOU CAN ALSO FOLLOW MY ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY COMICS....

THE TRAGEDY OF JOE MILLER

"FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR"

FOUL! STRIKE ONE!

THAT'S A NIFTY! I MUST WRITE IT DOWN IN JOE MILLER'S JOKE BOOK!

..AND STAY OUT, JOE MILLER! YOU'RE NO TRAGEDIAN! YOU'RE A COMEDIAN! THE ONLY THING FOR YOU TO DO IS TO GO ON THE RADIO!

YE STAGE DOOR

BUT, SIRE, RADIO HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

WELL, SIT AROUND AND WAIT! YOU CERTAINLY ARE NOT GOING TO ACT IN MY THEATRE AGAIN!

HELLO, JOE, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? ANY NEW GAGS FOR MY SECOND EDITION OF JOE MILLER'S JOKE BOOK?

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, SCRIBE! THOSE JOKES YOU RECORD UNDER MY NAME ARE RUINING MY REPUTATION!

BUT I ONLY RECORD WHAT I HEAR YOU SAY!

BUT I NEVER SAID-- QUOTE-- "A HALF-BREED IS A MAN WITH A COLD IN ONE NOSTRIL"- END QUOTE

NOW STAY AWAY FROM ME-- I'VE INVITED THE ENTIRE CAST OF MY NEW SHOW TO DINNER... I MUST GET IN THEIR GOOD GRACES EVEN IF IT TAKES MY LAST $25.

A FEW MINUTES LATER
THERE HE GOES! HE CAN'T KEEP ME OUT! IT'S A PUBLIC RESTAURANT!
YE BROWNE FEDORA

I'LL HAVE STEAK!
STEAK COSTS FIVE DOLLARS... YOUR GUESTS ARE USING UP YOUR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, JOE. WHAT ARE YOU HAVING?

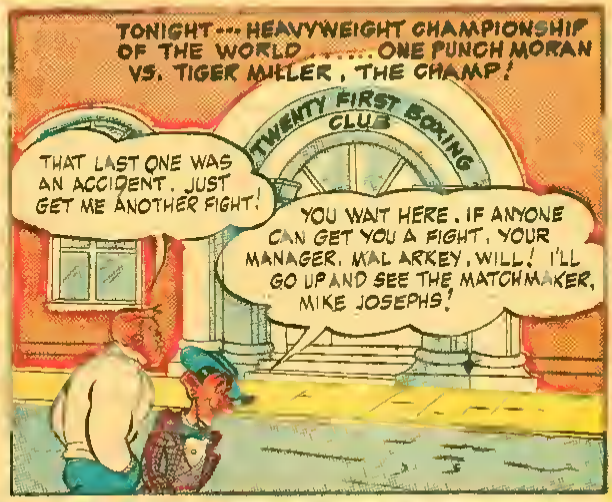
HEART FAILURE!

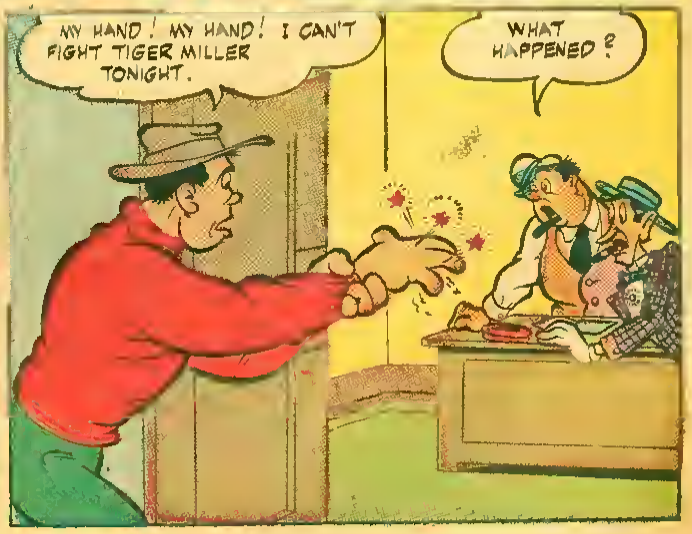
HA, HA!
THAT'S A LULU! I MUST RECORD IT IMMEDIATELY!

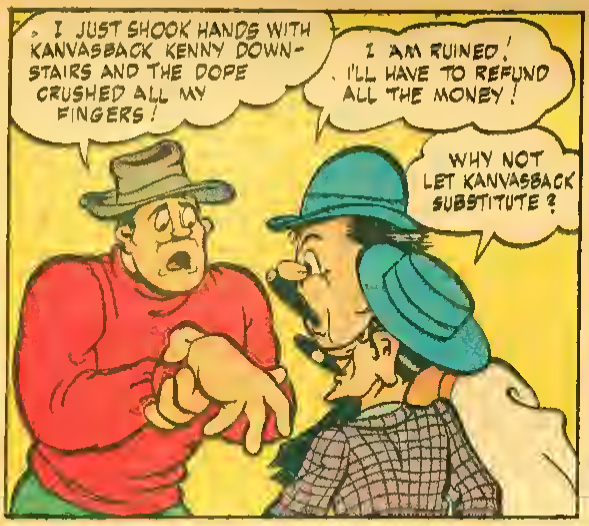
I MERELY TOLD THE TRUTH! WHY DOES EVERYONE LAUGH? I WOULD SHOOT MYSELF, BUT NOISE GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

Kanvasback Kenny

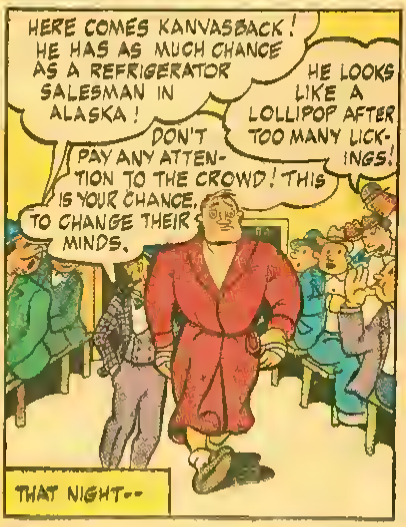
TAKE'S A LACING



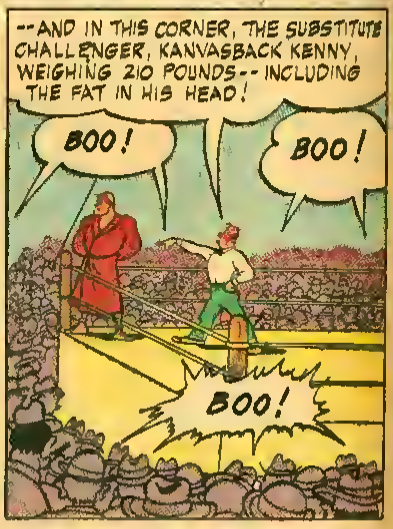



I JUST SHOOK HANDS WITH KANVASBACK KENNY DOWNSTAIRS AND THE DOPE CRUSHED ALL MY FINGERS!
I AM RUINED! I'LL HAVE TO REFUND ALL THE MONEY!
WHY NOT LET KANVASBACK SUBSTITUTE?

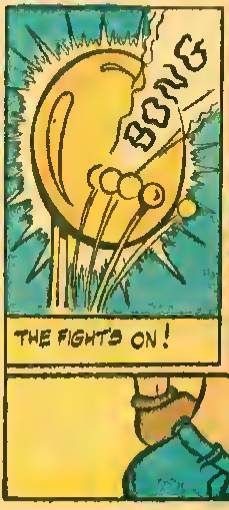
O.K.! I'M SO DESPERATE I'M READY TO TRY ANYTHING. I'LL EVEN USE A CHUMP AGAINST A CHAMP!
DON'T WORRY! HE'LL GIVE THE FANS A REAL FIGHT!

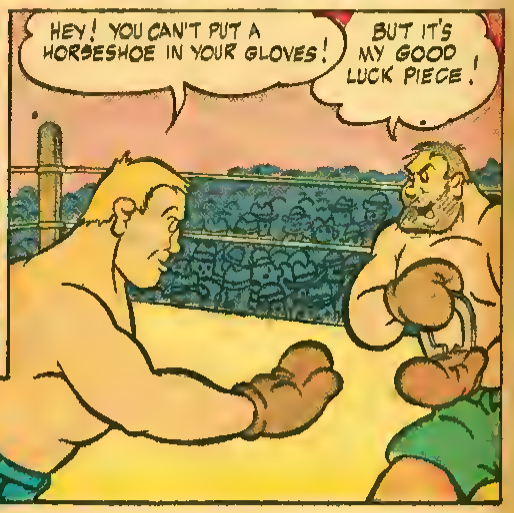

HERE COMES KANVASBACK! HE HAS AS MUCH CHANCE AS A REFRIGERATOR SALESMAN IN ALASKA!
HE LOOKS LIKE A LOLLIPOP AFTER TOO MANY LICKINGS!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE CROWD! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS.
THAT NIGHT--

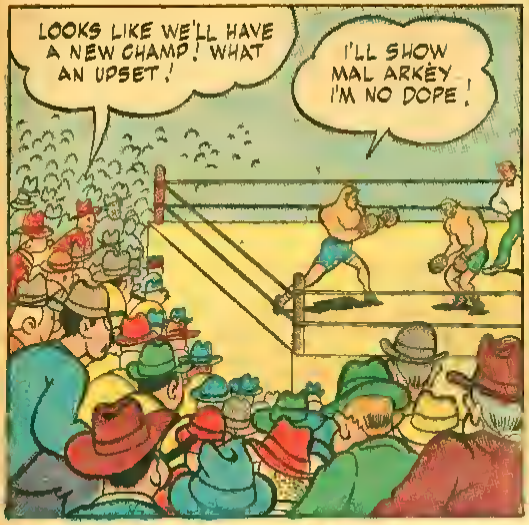
--IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 190 POUNDS, THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD, TIGER MILLER!
HURRAY!

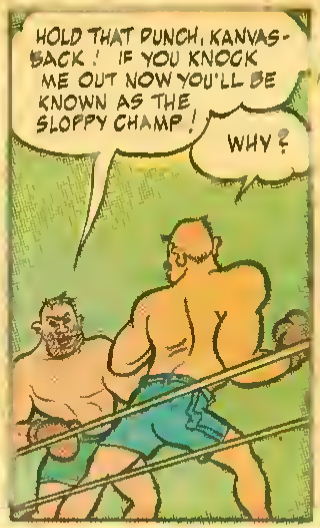

--AND IN THIS CORNER, THE SUBSTITUTE CHALLENGER, KANVASBACK KENNY, WEIGHING 210 POUNDS-- INCLUDING THE FAT IN HIS HEAD!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!

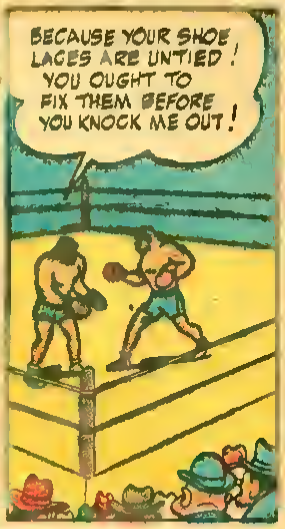
WHY IS EVERYONE CRYING?
BOO!
BOO!
SHUT UP, DOPE! JUST REMEMBER THIS! WHEN THE BELL RINGS, START SWINGING, AND WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T TRY TO THINK.

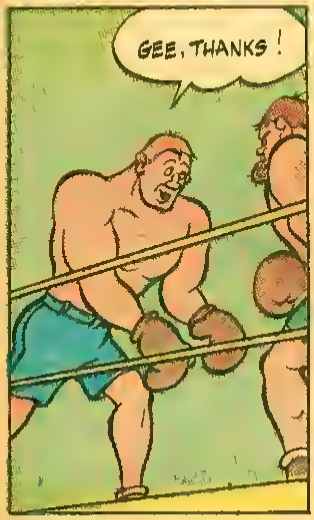

BONG
THE FIGHT'S ON!

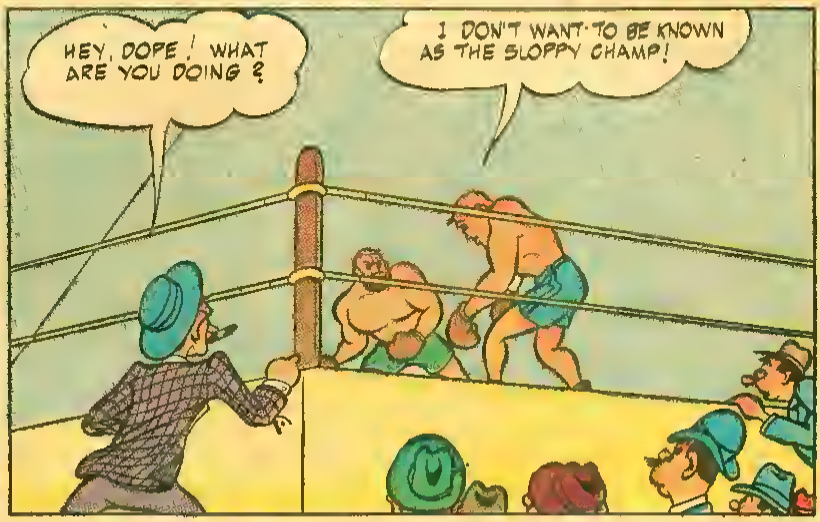

HEY! YOU CAN'T PUT A HORSESHOE IN YOUR GLOVES!
BUT IT'S MY GOOD LUCK PIECE!

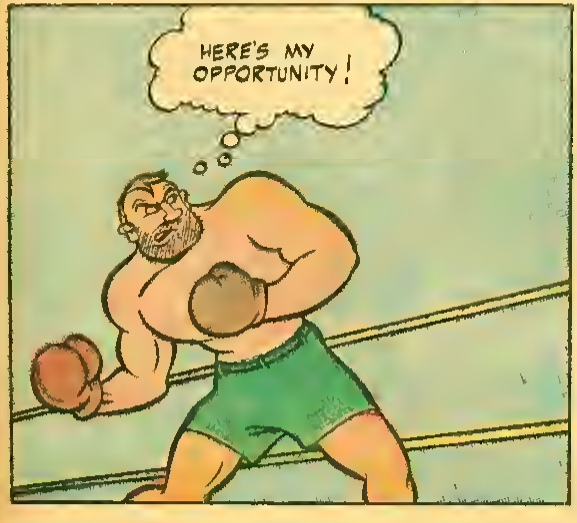

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE A NEW CHAMP! WHAT AN UPSET!
I'LL SHOW MAL ARKEY I'M NO DOPE!

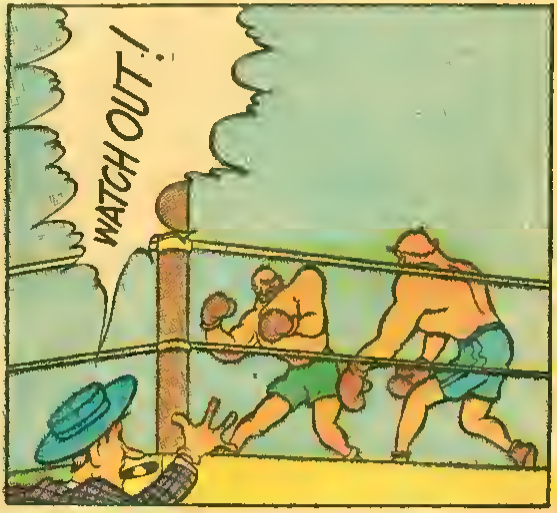

HOLD THAT PUNCH, KANVAS-BACK! IF YOU KNOCK ME OUT NOW YOU'LL BE KNOWN AS THE SLOPPY CHAMP!
WHY?

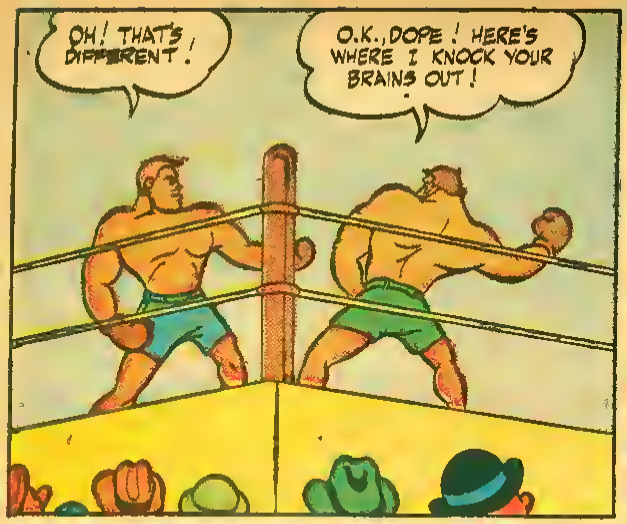

BECAUSE YOUR SHOE LACES ARE UNTIED! YOU OUGHT TO FIX THEM BEFORE YOU KNOCK ME OUT!

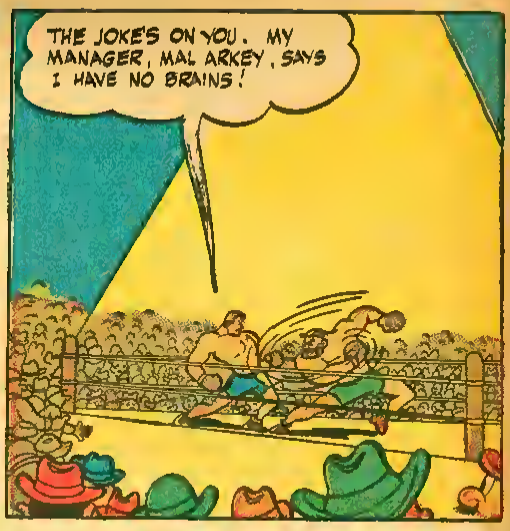

GEE, THANKS!


HEY, DOPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I DON'T WANT TO BE KNOWN AS THE SLOPPY CHAMP!

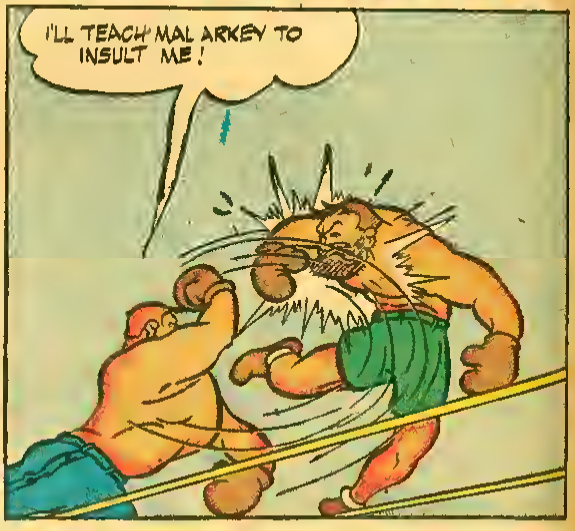

HERE'S MY OPPORTUNITY!

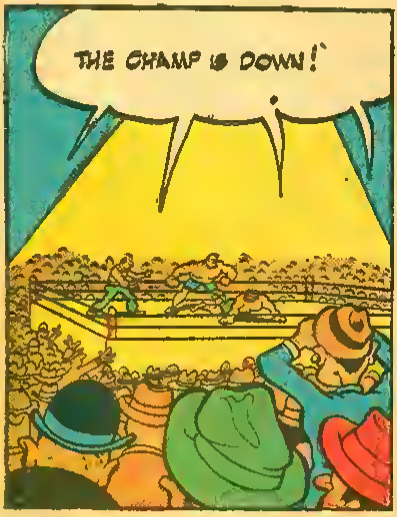

WATCH OUT!

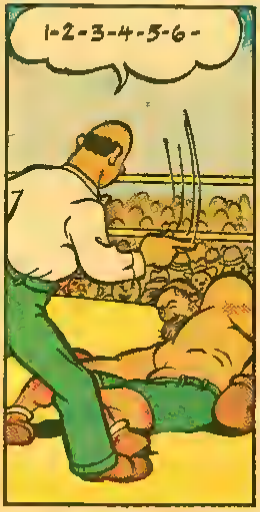

OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!
O.K., DOPE! HERE'S WHERE I KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!


THE JOKE'S ON YOU. MY MANAGER, MAL ARKEY, SAYS I HAVE NO BRAINS!

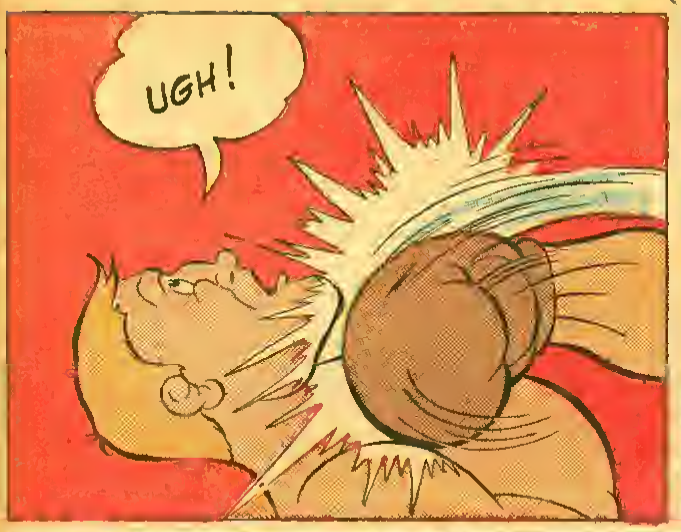
SAY! COME TO THINK OF IT THAT'S NO COMPLIMENT!

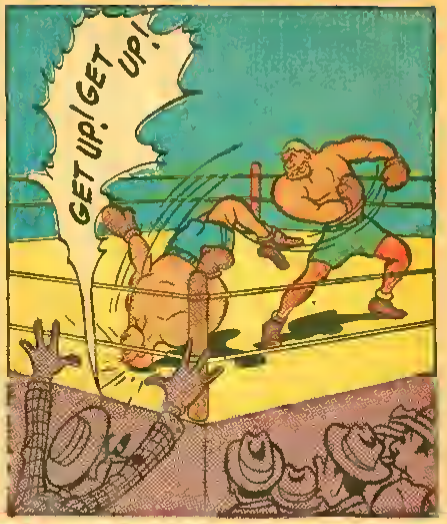

I'LL TEACH MAL ARKEY TO INSULT ME!

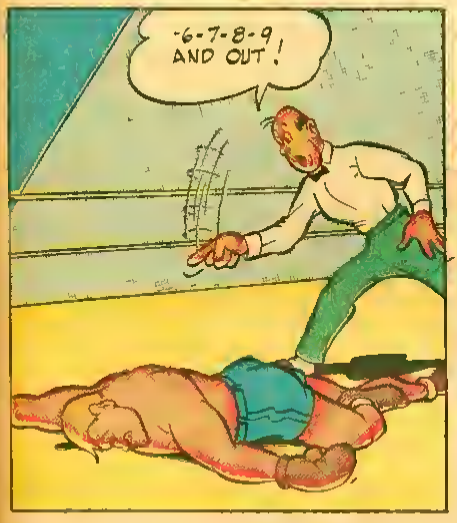

THE CHAMP IS DOWN!

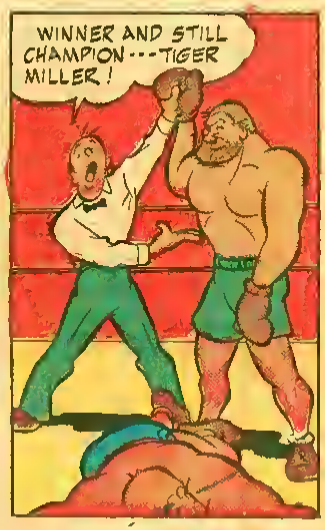

1-2-3-4-5-6-

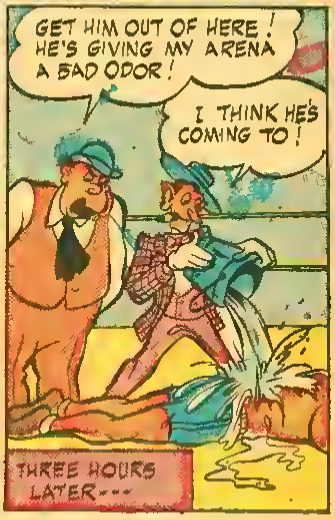
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, KANVAS-BACK! CLOUT HIM ONCE MORE BEFORE HE RECOVERS!
7-8-9

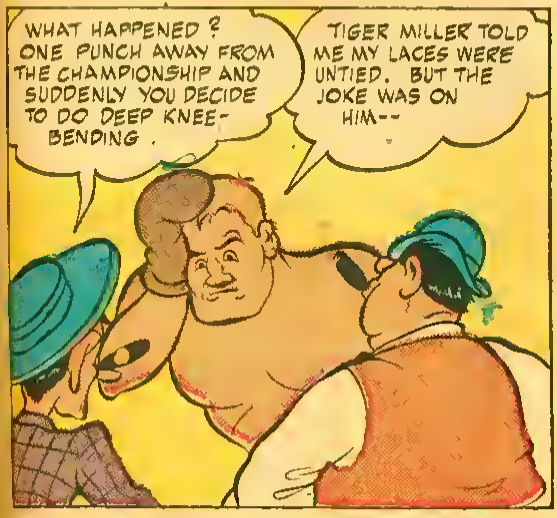

UGH!

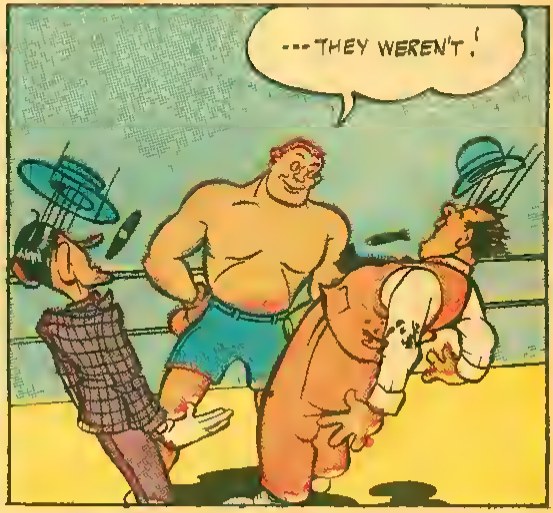

GET UP! GET UP!


-6-7-8-9 AND OUT!


WINNER AND STILL CHAMPION---TIGER MILLER!


GET HIM OUT OF HERE! HE'S GIVING MY ARENA A BAD ODOR!
I THINK HE'S COMING TO!
THREE HOURS LATER---


WHAT HAPPENED? ONE PUNCH AWAY FROM THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND SUDDENLY YOU DECIDE TO DO DEEP KNEE-BENDING.
TIGER MILLER TOLD ME MY LACES WERE UNTIED. BUT THE JOKE WAS ON HIM--


---THEY WEREN'T!

WHIPPER-SNAPPERS

HAUNTED HOUSE TREASURE HUNT!

A Wicky and O'Shawnessy Story... by Rod Reed

WHEN THE PAPER came out with the picture of Wicky Burke and his dog, O'Shawnessy, on page one, the whole town was agog. Everywhere you went, you heard people talking about the haunted house murder mystery.

It had all started on a warm spring night when Wicky, in his bed but not sleeping, heard the faint whistle of the whip-poorwill outside his window.

Wicky sat up, alert, listening.

The whistle came again, unmistakably.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Silently Wicky threw back the covers and slipped out of bed. He was fully clothed except for shoes, and it was but a moment's fumble in the darkness to put them on. Then he quietly raised the window and let a knotted rope down against the side of the house. It was a sliding, slapping noise as it went down, and Wicky held his breath a moment, wondering whether anyone had heard. No one had, and a moment later, he, himself, was climbing down the rope

As soon as his feet touched the springy grass, Wicky started walking stealthily toward the back fence. A bright moon gave the green ground a glow and made the dark shadows under the trees even darker. When the boy had reached what he considered a safe distance from the house, he gave a low whistle. It sounded like "whip-poor-will" too. There was an answering whistle from beyond the fence.

O'Shawnessy, Wicky's dog, whimpered as the lad neared the doghouse. There was a thump-thump-thump as s big tail beat against the sides and floor.

"Come on out, O'Shawnessy," whispered Wicky. "But be quiet."

Wicky unlatched the back gste, opened it as quietly as its squeaky hinges would permit, and slipped out, the dog at his heels. There they met the other "whippoorwill"—Stonehead Melton.

"We gotta hurry," whispered Stonehead.

"What time is it?" asked Wicky.

"Half-pass 'leven," said Stonehead. "We gotta be in the haunted house exactly at midnight."

"Got the diggers?" asked Wicky.

"Sure," said Stonehead. "You carry the shovel."

An expedition into a haunted house at midnight is not an ordinary expedition for two small boys. This one was the result of a story they had been told by Stonehead's Uncle John.

UNCLE JOHN was a man who knew everything about everything and when the mood was oo him, he could hold the boys fascinated for hours with his yarns about big game hunting in Africa, fighting Germans in France, killing wild Indians bare-handed on the western plains and all manner of other exciting things —each one his own, true experience, of course.

And lately he had told them in strictest confidence the inside, true story of the old haunted house on Graveyard road. It seemed, so Uncle John said, that the famous Captain Kidd had once got lost in a great fog and had unwittingly steered his boat right up Pebble Creek that ran past the graveyard. Of course in those days, Pebble Creek was much wider and deeper because there weren't so many people in the world and they didn't drink so much water! Wicky wasn't sure about this, but he believed all the rest.

The boat hsd run aground, and Captain Kidd, fesrful that somebody would steal his gold from the boat, had taken it all and buried it in the cellar of the haunted house. Then a sudden big flood came up in the creek, swept the boat back out to sea, and Captain Kidd never could return to retrieve his loot.

Uncle John explained that he knew all this because he had seen the secret log of Captain Kidd's expeditions and he also knew how to tell exactly where the treasure was hidden. When the moon was full, it would throw a patch of light through the cellar win-

dow right onto the spot promptly at midnight. Uncle John said that everybody who knew about it, except him, was afraid to go into the haunted house and of course, he didn't need to, because he was rich already, what with his diamond mines in Africa and his rubber plantations in Brazil.

Stonehead and Wicky were not rich and that's why they had overcome their natural repugnance for haunted houses. Their blood tingled with excitement as they approached Graveyard road, walking briskly in the flower-scented night.

Presently they could see the big, grey, lonesome old house outlined clearly in the distance in the moonlight.

"You scared?" asked Wicky, nervously.

"Who me? Nah!" snorted Stonehead, with an overshow of confidence.

"Do you think your Uncle John might have been kidding us about the treasure?" Wicky questioned, his footsteps automatically slowing as they drew nearer to their goal.

"Uncle John? Did you ever *know* him to kid us?" reproached Stonehead.

"N-no," reflected Wicky, "but he *might*."

"You scared?" asked Stonehead.

"'Course not!" asserted his companion. "I was just thinkin' it would be a shame to walk all the way out here and not find no treasure."

They covered the last one hundred yards to the house in cautious silence, only the tread of their feet and the sniffing snorts of O'Shawnessy as he searched out the most interesting smells, breaking the stillness of the night.

As they climbed over the rotted steps onto the rickety, shadowy porch, each would have welcomed a chance to turn and flee if only the other had suggested it. Each was more afraid of being branded a coward than he was of the unknown dangers within.

STONEHEAD pushed the front door and it creaked open.

"J-just 1-like *Inner Sanctum* on the radio," cracked Wicky.

Both laughed, but the laughs were hollow.

Wicky's flashlight, held in a trembling hand, caused weird shadows to dance around the front room. Ancient, musty smells drifted into the boys' nostrils.

"M-maybe we c-could dig better in the daytime," said Wicky.

"M-maybe," agreed Stonehead.

Then a distant clock began to bong.

"Midnight!" exclaimed Stonehead. "M-maybe we ought at least go down stairs and see where the moonlight hits—so we can mark it an' know where to dig."

They found the cellar steps and hurried down. Now it was a matter of getting the thing over with—quickly.

"Look!" cried Stonehead, pointing Sure enough, the moonlight, streaming through a hole in the dirty window, was marking a small spot on the floor.

In the excitement of the treasure hunt, the boys forgot fear. They began to dig furiously in the earthen cellar floor. O'Shawnessy, catching the enthusiasm, began to run around, to bark.

"I hit something hard," cried Wicky as his shovel clanked "It must be the treasure chest."

The boys dug faster Stonehead swept earth away with his bare hands. In one moment they had uncovered the "something hard." In another they were racing along Graveyard road as fast as they could go. They had dug up a skeleton!

AT BREAKFAST, Wicky's mother remarked that her son looked tired—hadn't he slept well? Wicky, with a mouthful of cereal, mumbled something inaudible and father remarked that maybe the boy needed a spring tonic.

Mother, stepping to the stove, glanced through the window into the back yard. Then she let out a shriek.

Father jumped up from the table as mother nearly fainted. Weakly she cried, "That dog—O'Shawnessy—he's killed somebody. He's got a bone out there—it's a human arm!"

Father looked out. Sure enough, there was O'Shawnessy, happily worrying what appeared to be an arm bone—with the skeleton of hand and fingers dangling crazily from one end.

It was then, to save his pet from a murder charge, that Wicky confessed all. How he and Stonehead had uncovered the skeleton and that O'Shawnessy no doubt had dragged part of it home.

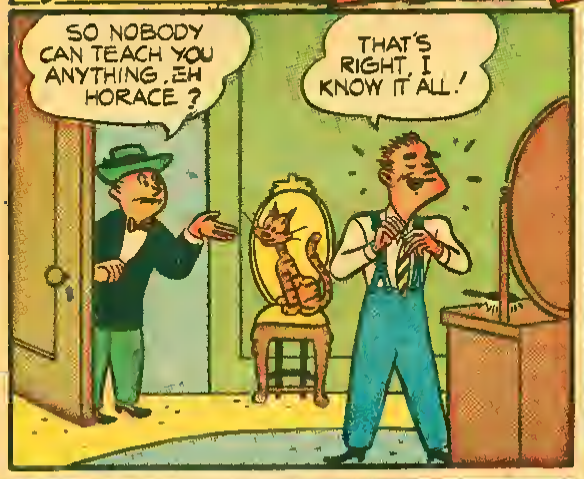
Police were called and at the scene of the crime one of the officers declared the skeleton had undoubtedly been the victim of foul play. Reporters reported and photographers photographed. The mayor announced a $500 reward for apprehension of the murderer.

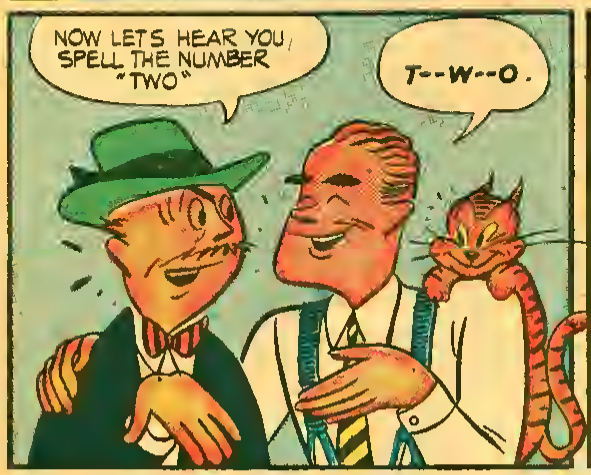
It was not until several hours later when the coroner returned to town that it was revealed the skeleton had never been alive at all—it was just a composition model, stolen sometime before from the Medical School laboratories The coroner guessed the thief or thieves had been prankish college boys who "borrowed" the skeleton and then were afraid to return it—so they buried it in the old house.

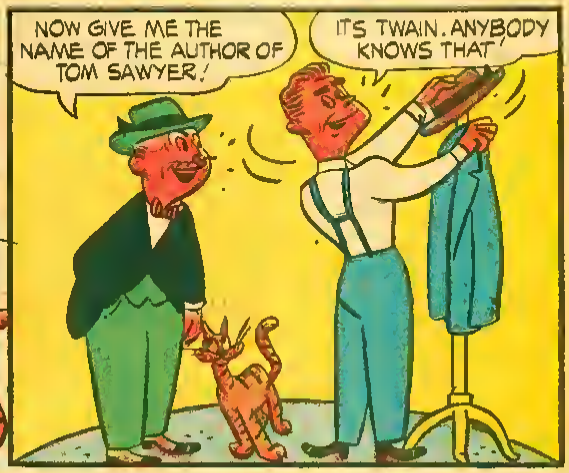
But Uncle John had another theory. He told Wicky and Stonehead that whoever buried the skeleton undoubtedly found Captain Kidd's treasure. And then, being rich and able to buy much larger and better skeletons, he decided to leave the old second-hand one buried right there.

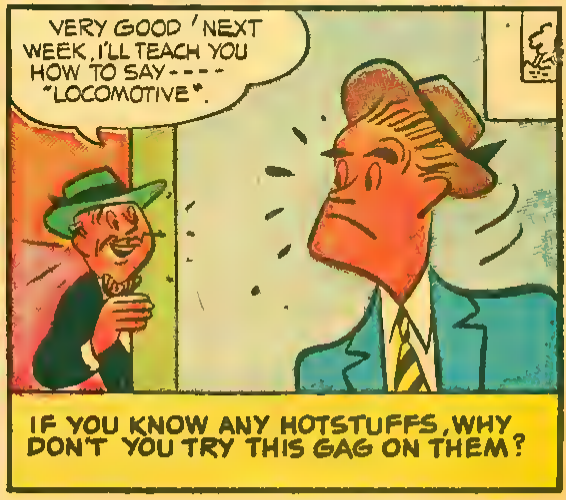
The End

HORACE HOTSTUFF





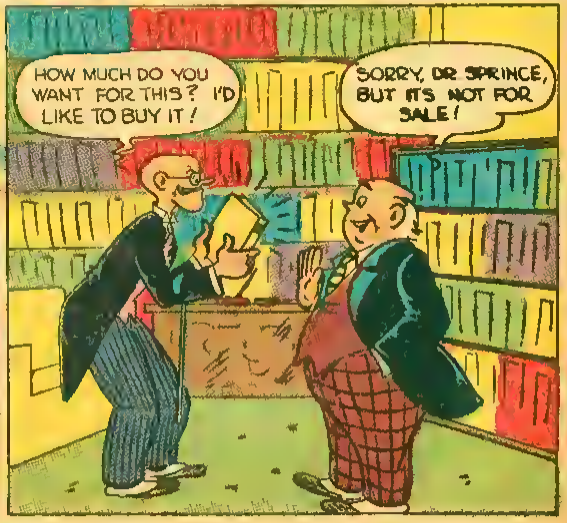


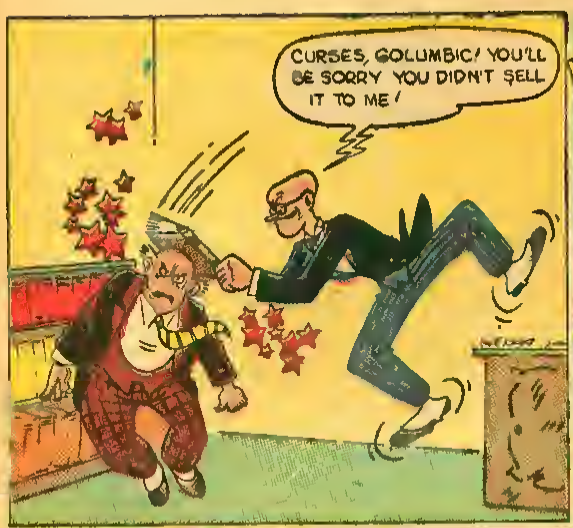


IF YOU KNOW ANY HOTSTUFFS, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THIS GAG ON THEM?

RICHARD RICHARD PRIVATE DICK AND THE BOOK CASE

WHEN RICHARD RICHARD, THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE, AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, AH-CHOO, THE CHINAMAN AND PLUB-DUB, THE MUTT, GO ON THE TRAIL OF A MISSING BOOK, THEY ADD A NEW CHAPTER (A DIZZY ONE) TO THE ANNALS OF CRIME!




CURSES, COLUMBIC! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU DIDN'T SELL IT TO ME!

THE NEXT MORNING —
HELP! MY FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE IS GONE!
THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO CALL DE PRIVATE DICK, RICHARD RICHARD! I HEAR HE CAN FIND ANYTHING!

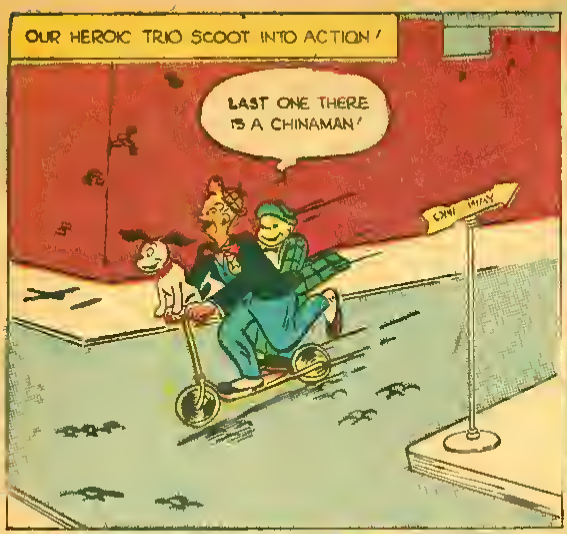
MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF RICHARD RICHARD, THE PRIVATE DICK, WHO CAN FIND ANYTHING—
HELP! I CAN'T FIND MY HAND! I KNOW I PUT IT DOWN HERE SOMEPLACE!
THIS IS GOING TO HURT RICHARD MORE THAN ME —

THERE IT IS!
OUCH!

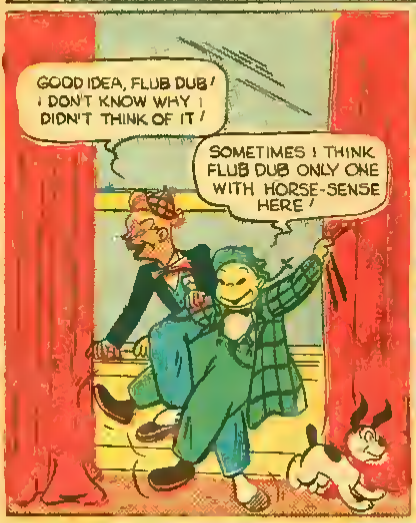
I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE?
I BETTER ANSWER IT BEFORE THE PARTY HANGS UP!
RING!!!

YES, PROF GOLUMBIC!
SURELY, PROF GOLUMBIC!
OKAY, PROF. GOLUMBIC!
WHO IS IT?

THAT WAS PROF GOLUMBIC! HIS FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE IS MISSING. HE SUSPECTS DE SPRINCE. HE WANTS US TO CHECK ON THAT RIGHT AWAY!

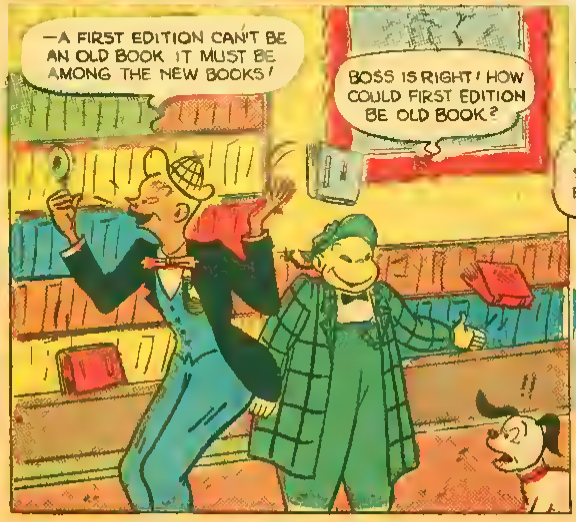

OUR HEROIC TRIO SCOOT INTO ACTION!
LAST ONE THERE IS A CHINAMAN!
ONE WAY

THERE'S DR SPRINCE'S HOUSE LET'S RING THE BELL!
RING THE BELL AND I'LL WRING YOUR NECK! WE HAVE TO SNEAK IN TO SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND!


GOOD IDEA, FLUB DUB! I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT!
SOMETIMES I THINK FLUB DUB ONLY ONE WITH HORSE-SENSE HERE!

GEE, LOOK AT ALL THOSE BOOKS! I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE OUGHT TO LOOK FIRST!

IF DR SPRINCE TOOK THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKE-SPEARE IT MUST BE AMONG THESE OLD BOOKS!
LISTEN TO FLUB DUB HE CRAZY.


—A FIRST EDITION CAN'T BE AN OLD BOOK IT MUST BE AMONG THE NEW BOOKS!
BOSS IS RIGHT! HOW COULD FIRST EDITION BE OLD BOOK?

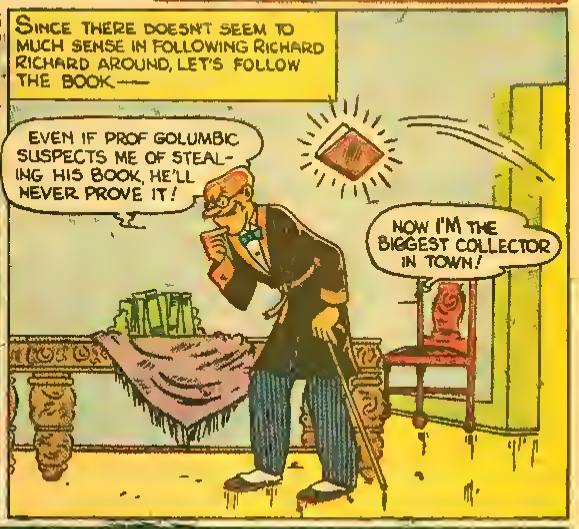
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS SICK!
DOPES! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS?

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SOLVE THIS CASE BY MYSELF - AGAIN!

HERE IT IS!!

ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF US? THIS IS AN OLD BOOK.
WITH THIS EVIDENCE WE CAN LOCK UP DR SPRINCE IMMEDIATELY!

NOW, STOP WASTING TIME AND LET'S FIND A REAL FIRST EDITION!
NO! NATURE BEAT ME TO IT!


SINCE THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO MUCH SENSE IN FOLLOWING RICHARD RICHARD AROUND, LET'S FOLLOW THE BOOK——
EVEN IF PROF GOLUMBIC SUSPECTS ME OF STEALING HIS BOOK, HE'LL NEVER PROVE IT!
NOW I'M THE BIGGEST COLLECTOR IN TOWN!

BONG!
OUCH! WHAT'S THIS?

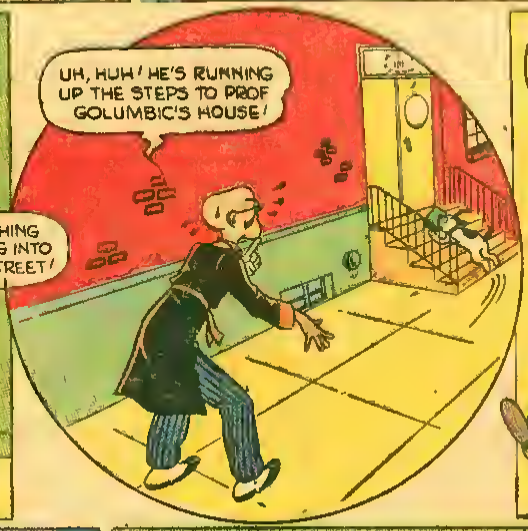
THAT BOOK CAME FROM THE LIBRARY AND IT DIDN'T WALK!

SO YOU FOUND OUT MY SECRET, HUH! WELL, YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!
THAT SHOULDN'T BOTHER RICHARD RICHARD! HE'S DEAD FROM THE NECK UP!
QUICK, CHIEF! WE MUST USE HEAD!
OUCH!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL USING YOUR HEAD!
I PREFER LIGHTER READING!
GONK!
THEY DICTIONARY DID THE TRICK!
DICTIONARY AND ALL RICHARD RICH ARD IS STILL AT A LOSS FOR WORDS
GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO PICK UP THAT FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE—
COME BACK HERE!
—AND SHAKE A LEG!

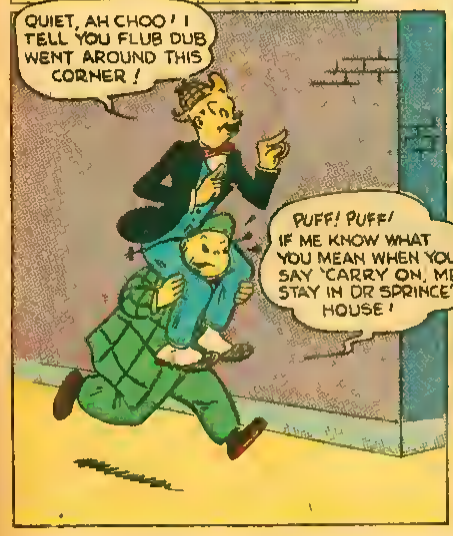
COME ON, AH CHOO! WE HAVEN'T FOUND A THING AGAINST DR SPRINCE!

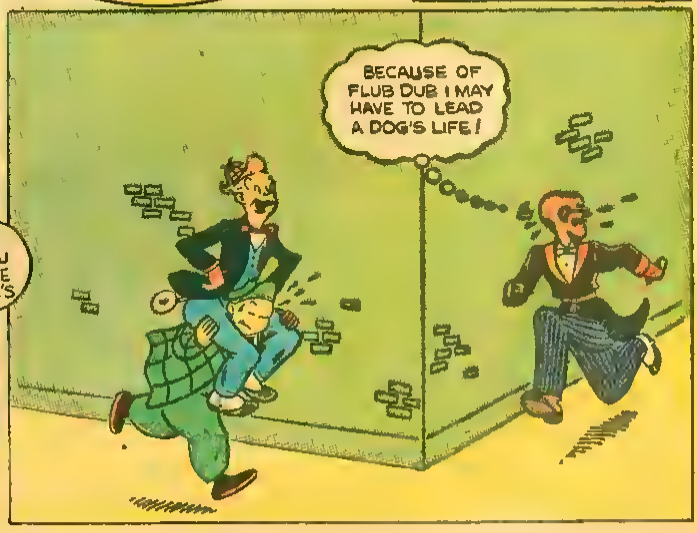
WE'D BETTER GET FLUB DUB TO RETURN THAT BOOK OR DR SPRINCE WILL HAVE US LOCKED UP NOT ONLY FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY BUT ALSO FOR STEALING THE BOOK! WE MUST CARRY ON!

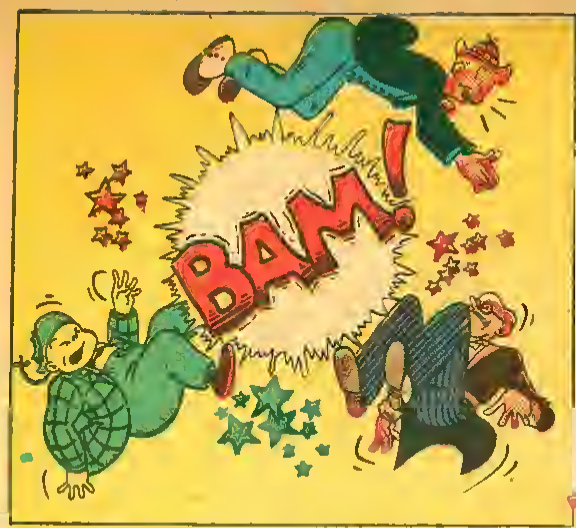
COME BACK, YOU MUTT, BEFORE I TURN YOU INTO A HOT DOG!
THE ONLY THING I'M TURNING INTO - IS THIS STREET!

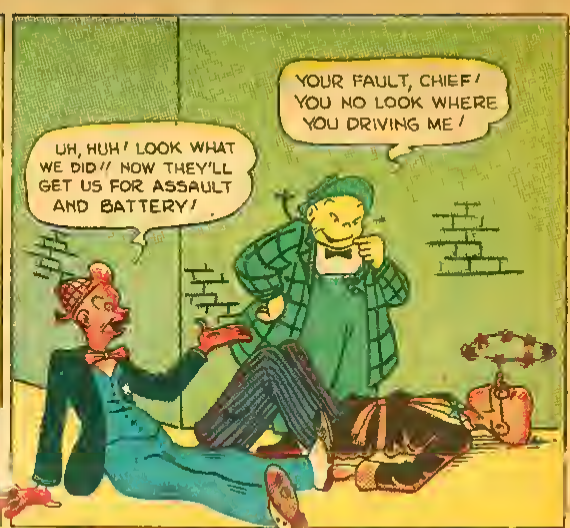

UH, HUH! HE'S RUNNING UP THE STEPS TO PROF GOLUMBIC'S HOUSE!

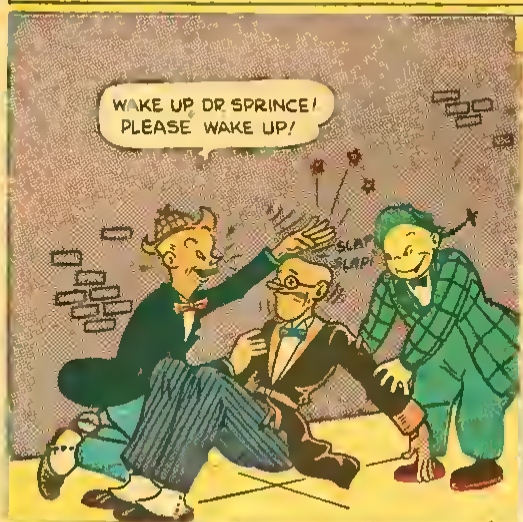
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I'M SPOTTED AND PUT IN JAIL!

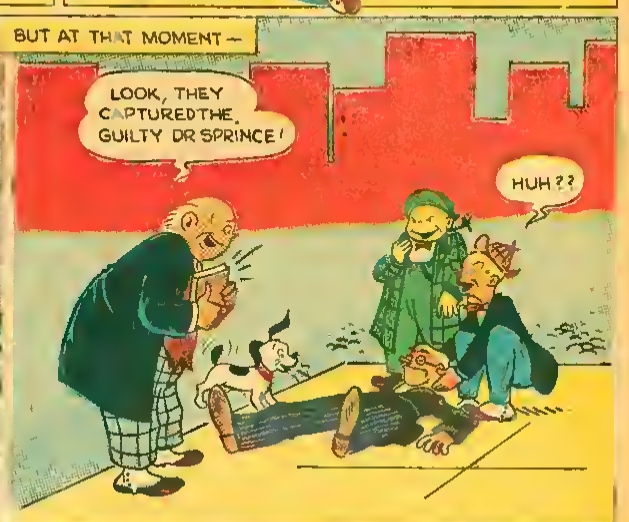

QUIET, AH CHOO! I TELL YOU FLUB DUB WENT AROUND THIS CORNER!
PUFF! PUFF! IF ME KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY 'CARRY ON, ME STAY IN DR SPRINCE'S HOUSE!

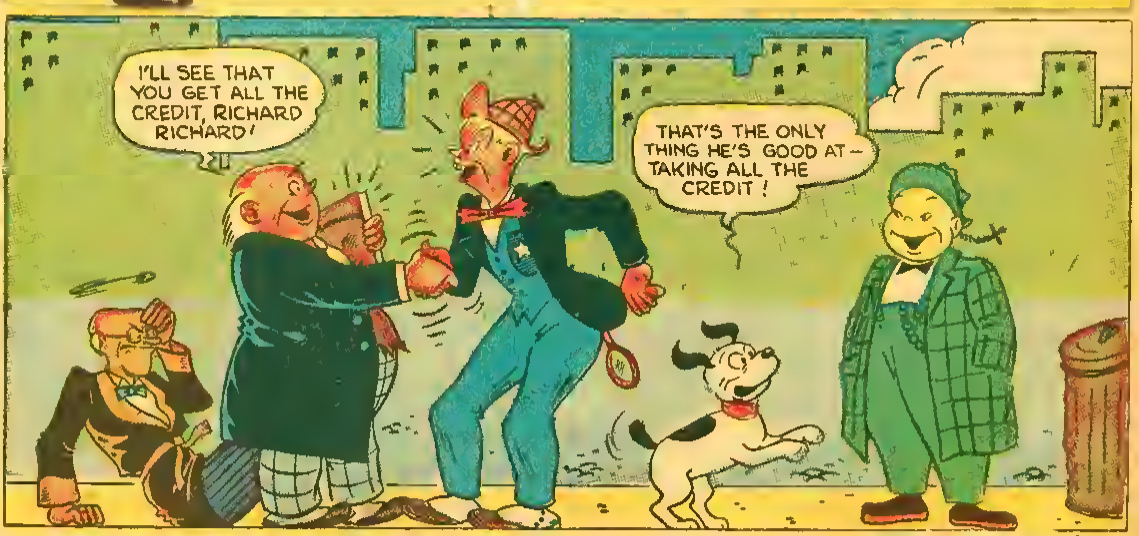

BECAUSE OF FLUB DUB I MAY HAVE TO LEAD A DOG'S LIFE!

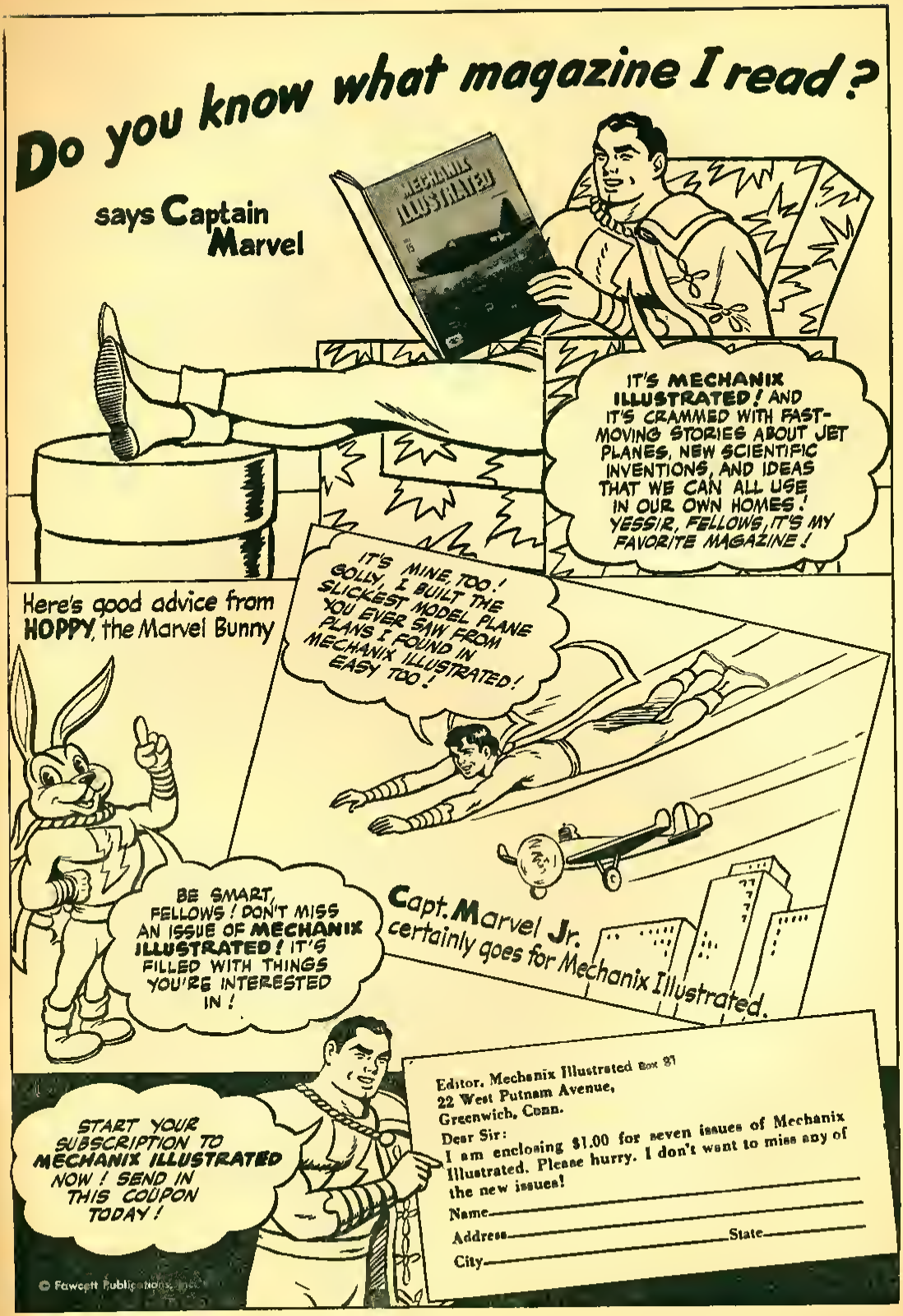

BAM!


YOUR FAULT, CHIEF! YOU NO LOOK WHERE YOU DRIVING ME!
UH, HUH! LOOK WHAT WE DID!! NOW THEY'LL GET US FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!


WAKE UP DR SPRINCE! PLEASE WAKE UP!
SLAP!
SLAP!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT—
LOOK, THEY CAPTURED THE GUILTY DR SPRINCE!
HUH??


I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL THE CREDIT, RICHARD RICHARD!
THAT'S THE ONLY THING HE'S GOOD AT— TAKING ALL THE CREDIT!


Do you know what magazine I read?
says Captain Marvel
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
IT'S MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED! AND IT'S CRAMMED WITH FAST-MOVING STORIES ABOUT JET PLANES, NEW SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS, AND IDEAS THAT WE CAN ALL USE IN OUR OWN HOMES! YESSIR, FELLOWS, IT'S MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE!
IT'S MINE TOO! GOLLY, I BUILT THE SLICKEST MODEL PLANE YOU EVER SAW FROM PLANS I FOUND IN MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED! EASY TOO!
Here's good advice from HOPPY, the Marvel Bunny
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